



# Anthology of American Folk Music

Edited by  
Josh Dunson and Ethel Raim  
Musical Transcriptions by Ethel Raim  
Interviews with Moses Asch and Frank Walker

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*To Sing Out! The Folk Song Magazine  
and all the musicians, writers, photographers,  
and artists who have shared this music with us.*

Appreciation to Harry Smith for his genius and Moses Asch for his understanding both of music and Harry Smith which led to the issuing of the Anthology in 1952.

Thanks to Jean Hammons for bearing with the long incubation of this book and guiding its front matter through production. To Tara Collins and Doug Connor for all the detailed work and care in the design of the book. To Paul Nelson for his role in the beginning of the effort. Special thanks to Art Rosenbaum and Alain Papeneau whose skill in French made the inclusion of a Cajun song possible. Also to Bob Roberts of Philadelphia for his helpful information on post-Anthology reissues.

To Mike Seeger for interviewing Frank Walker so well and making his work available for publication in the Anthology. To John Cohen for his extensive interview with Harry Smith, and the right to print excerpts here. Thanks to Samuel Charters, Alan Lomax and Bill C. Malone and their respective publishers for permission to use quotations in the song introductions.



## Preface

The Anthology is one of the great masterpieces of modern communication. It is filled with centers of energy and musical styles that both stretch and deepen a person—a massive work which continues to be a challenge after almost twenty years.

I guess each person who knows the *Anthology of American Folk Music*, *Volume One: Ballads*, *Volume Two: Social Music*, *Volume Three: Songs* (FA 2951, FA 2952, FA 2953), has a story about what he felt when he discovered that set of six records—the surprise, the fire, the hours pouring over Harry Smith's notes (mostly in minute print), getting a new look at the music each time, thinking thought after thought about a singer, taking the song's message and remembering a special person or a part of life.

The introductions to the songs selected from the Anthology represent some of Harry Smith's work but most are borrowed from other sources. The records and books mentioned here are really meant to be read and to be heard after you listen to the Anthology.

If you have the Anthology, this book may be of value to you—word transcriptions, chords, relevant articles from *Sing Out!* . . . Frank Walker's way of doing things.

If you don't own the Anthology and have purchased this book, you have two reasonable courses left—ask for your money back or buy the set of records.

The Anthology has power. It burns Woodstock, shunts electricity, landslides the Stones, makes the present obsolete—the past and future primary. Remember Uncle Dave Macon and don't forget to laugh.

—Josh Dunson

## Explanation of Musical Orthography



The small notes are alternate melody notes.



The note sung is slightly sharp of the pitch indicated but not enough to warrant an accidental.



The note sung is slightly flat of the pitch indicated but not enough to warrant an accidental.



The voice falls off. When the grace note is higher than the main note, the voice slips into falsetto, almost like a faint echo. When the grace note is lower than the main note, the voice drops into a speaking voice.



Both notes are sung in regular voice but the grace note is very short.



The voice slides from the one note to the other, very much like a violin glissando.



There is a momentary pause on the note.

The metronome markings indicate a composite tempo. The songs invariably got faster by the end of the performance and in some cases considerably so.

Unless otherwise indicated, a meter change that appears in the main body of the musical transcription occurs as well in the subsequent verses.



## Guitar and Banjo Figures

The area of instrumental accompaniment has been left relatively untouched in this book, although the recorded Anthology is as rich instrumentally as it is vocally, if not more so. It is itself a subject for a book. I have, however, indicated the guitar and banjo figures for the songs in order to illustrate how the accompaniment fits together rhythmically with the particular performance, and specifically how it corresponds to the musical transcription. The rhythmic figure is repeated over and over and, depending upon the song, varies both rhythmically and melodically.

The letters under the rhythmic pattern refer to the right hand strum.

- T — Thumb (downward stroke on a single string)
- BR — Downward brush stroke across highest three strings, with thumb or index finger or middle finger, or both index and middle fingers.
- U — Upstroke across highest three strings with index finger
- I — Index finger (upward stroke on a single string)
- M — Middle finger (upward stroke on a single string)
- R — Ring finger (upward stroke on a single string)

When a number appears next to the letter, it refers to a string. The following guitar figure would be translated thusly:

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
|  |  |  |
| T6  | I1  | The right-hand thumb plucks down on the sixth        |
|   | M2  | string, and the index, middle and ring fingers pluck |
|   | R3  | upward simultaneously, on the first, second, and     |
|   |   | third strings, respectively.                         |

The following songs are those for which the accompaniment is melodic, as well as rhythmical: *The House Carpenter*, *The Butcher's Boy*, *Willie Moore*, *Coo Coo Bird*, *Sugar Baby*, *I Wish I Was A Mole In The Ground*, *Country Blues*, and *Train On The Island*.

The banjo, rather than providing a chordal background for the melody, doubles the melody as it is sung. The tune is picked out against the open tuning (or in some cases a basic chord), while the *fill-in* notes, or drone notes of the strum, produce the rhythmical drive.

—Ethel Raim



# Who Chose These Records?

*A Look Into the Life, Tastes, and Procedures of Frank Walker*

We are grateful to Mike Seeger for permission to reprint his interview with the late Frank Walker, one of the three most important artists and repertoire men of the 1920's and 1930's. It was Walker and his colleagues from other companies who made the decisions that gave Harry Smith his pool of records from which to select the Anthology.

About three-quarters of the one hour and twenty minute interview is reproduced here so that you can get a sense of the complexities that made Frank Walker. He was of a country background, yet had the experience and associations of a Wall Street executive. He made the conscious choice to record country music including the physical hardships that the seven day, 24 hour a day marathons entailed. Still he maintained his standard that whatever he recorded had to be "salable".

This interview was made forty years after some of the events, and though Frank's ability to recall was good, it wasn't perfect.

For Mike Seeger's own comments about this interview and the general background of the music in this book, read his essay (with Paul Nelson) *Some Thoughts About Old Time Music* in the *New Lost City Ramblers Songbook* (Oak).

MS: I was noticing this jaw's harp or Jew's harp on your desk here . . .

FW: Jew's harp is what they call it. It's an old one.

And you were telling me that it dates back from your early days in, where was it, Fly . . . ?

Fly Summit, New York, on a farm. Fly Summit was a metropolis. It had about four or five houses, a church, a baling machine and one little store. We lived on a farm about a mile away from there. And the Jew's harp—that played an important part because it was the only thing I could play along with the harmonica. But it did get me a few pennies here and there for playing for some sorts of entertainment that we had amongst the farmers.

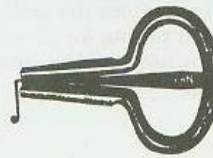
Did you ever play for anyone in and up through there?

Yes, we had a little group of our own that eventually used to play for dances. We were rather lucky if we had an engagement. There were four of us, and we did get up into the big money. We got as much as five dollars a night and we had to go to work at eight o'clock and play through to morning, then get home in time to do the milking, of course. The big problem was how do you divide five dollars among four men so we appointed one of us the leader for a particular engagement. He got two dollars and the other three got a dollar apiece.

How 'bout that. What were the other instruments that you had in the group?

Well, we had a violin and a guitar, and I did the mouth organ mostly, with the Jew's harp occasionally, and did some of the calling for the square dances. But that was only a side issue. Farming was the real thing.

I had a rather odd situation because my Dad died when I was six years old, and there were seven of us in the family, and the farm was not able to support us, so I had to go out and start working for a living with a farmer. I stayed pretty much with him until I was eighteen years old.



What would you say it was that led you to leave the farming life?

Dislike of the long hours. Waking up the cows at three-thirty in the morning and going to bed after everything had been taken care of. The long hours, seven days a week. . .

Did you go into business then?

No, I came to Albany and got two or three side jobs and went to a business college and

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studied shorthand, stenography. I got a job with a bank. I was secretary to the president, I am very glad to say. I had a very fine salary of eight dollars a week, work on Saturdays until eleven P.M. and it was a long week of sixty to seventy hours. But it was excellent pay for those days.

*Did you stay there for some time?*

I stayed there for five years and eventually became assistant treasurer of the bank and became an expert in what they call bond buying. I had an offer after that to come to New York with Bert S. Kohler, the very famous politician and writer and head of the banking concern. I gave up my \$300 a month job at Albany to come with him at a hundred dollars a month on one condition—that I could be trained in his office.

So I got a little desk and he put it in his office. I got in on all the political and financial matters that took place in Wall Street in those days. I was put on the road buying securities and railroads and did a fairly good job, because on the first of January that year I was made a partner in the concern.

*When was that?*

That was in 1913, quite a while ago. I was there from 1913 through 1916 when, being a member of the National Guard, I was called to active service. I stayed in the Navy until February 1, 1919 and then I came out.

Now I imagine you are going to ask me "how did I land in the record business?" I knew nothing about it, nothing . . .

*I'm intrigued.*

Well, it so happened when you got out of the service in those days there was very little happening in the line of work. My concern was liquidated. There were no jobs available. Soldiers and sailors were selling apples on the streets of New York and all over the country. There were no such things as jobs. I had offered my services for as low as fifteen dollars a week. I couldn't find a job.

So finally one day I happened to run into a man on the street whose name was Francis S. Whiten. He was a Commander in the Navy in a position above mine, and I had done something that he had admired very much that had gotten him written up in the Congressional Record. He asked where I was working and I said, "I wish I were."

"Well," he said, "I am a nephew of the Duponts and we own Columbia Phonograph and Dictaphone Corporation and you're coming over and work for me." I said, "I don't know anything about a phonograph record" and he said "Neither

do I, so you can be my assistant."

So that's how it happened. After two months, I decided to learn how they make phonograph records, so I went to the plant in Bridgeport and hired out as a training employee working from seven in the morning to six at night, and knew all the intricacies and mechanics of making a phonograph record. Then I came back to New York and I felt I wanted to know something of the artist's end of it so I borrowed \$60,000 from Mr. Whiten to buy the controlling interest in the Central Concert Company of Detroit.

I went out to Detroit and went into the concert business—people like Caruso, Ruffo Toscanini, people of that sort. We booked concerts in Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Hamilton, and Toronto, Canada. I stayed there eventually until 1921 and then sold out with a profit.

I went back to working for the Columbia Phonograph Company as an artist and repertoire man. I felt I knew something about it at that time. I drifted along until I had a yen to start something in the line that I knew best, country music.

It was my first love, so I took an engineer and some wax and went down into the South. That was in 1922. That was the beginning. When I came back with some of the results of the trip nobody understood what it was.

*Who were the first people you ever recorded?*

Well, they were more or less unknowns because at that time there weren't any knowns.

*Do you remember the first artists you ever recorded?*

No, at the moment, I'm sorry, I can't remember, but he was a fiddler that I found in a schoolhouse down in Georgia . . .



*You have probably heard of Fiddling John Carson?*

He didn't record for me, but I knew him very well.

*Was he similar to the man you recorded in 1922?*



Yes, yes, they all sound alike, one a little better than the other or a little more versatile. He could play more different tunes, as we call them, but the quality and the type of playing was the same. Some a little better than the others but they were all good.

But the music was not understood by my own people and they said under no circumstances could we put anything of that sort on the market. After due pleading on my part they agreed to let me do it, providing we not make mention of it in any way. I created a special series number at Columbia as I remember—the 15,000 Series.

We would make a record, manufacture and release it, and offer it quietly by a little letter to our distributors in the South, and it slowly caught on. Then, as they began to sell we began to look for people better known.

You'd go to an area and you'd talk to everybody around—who did they know who could play guitar, could fiddle, could sing, who went around offering his services? Mostly in little school-houses for little dances and things. That's how we ran into Gid Tanner and, about the same time, Clayton McMichum. A year or two after that time he won the national championship as fiddler.

And Riley Puckett who was a blind guitar player, one of the best I had ever known, and a great singer. Another one we had with him was Bert Lane, and from that we made the Skillet Lickers.

*Who wrote all those skits that they did like The Fiddlers' Convention?*

Well, the *Fiddlers' Convention*. I had a young man who was with a radio station in Atlanta, Dan Hornsby. He is now dead. He became quite popular, one of my very best friends. Dan worked with me for years and years and years. Dan and I would sit down when we were doing nothing else and would gather material for these skits. Then we would rehearse as best we could with the boys. Much of it was done naturally, with only just an outline for them to do.

*What was the musicians' part in making up these skits would you say?*

Not to any great extent. The skits were made up from things they let drop. Then we would sit, Dan and I, and read it to them, and if we got a laugh here or a laugh there, we knew that it was pretty good. From that we worked on it and they got the general feeling of it. In Riley's case, he couldn't see, so he couldn't read. He only learned from the hearing of our voices. At times we had people who couldn't read even though they had excellent eyesight. So it became a going over

and over until they became familiar with it, almost a party to them without an audience, because of course we didn't allow any audience.

*Did these records sell fairly well?*

Tremendously. In the hundreds of thousands. *Did they outsell the musical records?*

Yes, yes, because they looked for them. They were just waiting until you could bring out another one of those and we didn't issue them out too often. And of course, that was just one thought in the so-called country field.

Remember, in those days we never used the word "hillbilly" because "hillbilly" was not a favorable term. Generally we know what it means. Would you like to know the definition of "hillbilly", what it really means? Well, it's a sort of a billy goat that climbs up and down the side of a mountain, and that's true of the people who lived in that area. I mean they were people who climbed up and down the sides of mountains, and they were hill-people folks, so they became "hillbillies," but it is not a favorable or complimentary term at all.

Well, in those days we called them "old familiar tunes" and that's the way they were issued. We did not call them country tunes. That came afterwards. Then I coined another phrase that seems to have caught on for awhile. I called them "songs of the hills and the plains." That meant not only the hillbilly type of song as we know it today, but also the cowboy songs because they have so much in common.

*Going back to the first man you recorded, this fiddler—you recorded him down South somewhere?*

That's correct, and as business grew, we made periodical trips to the South and at least two trips a year. We had a rather bad time of it if we recorded less than two hundred masters on each trip. Now, not all of these found the market. It's not like today, with the taping and so forth. In those days, the recording was done on solid wax and you had to bring containers of the waxes you used. So you were very careful and very choosy.

We would decide, for instance, to record down in Johnson City, Tennessee, and write down to various people that you heard about and you would let that be known. It would be men-

\*The skit, *Corn Licker Still in Georgia*, is on the County 306 reissue, *The Skillet Lickers*.—J.D.



tioned in the paper and the word would get around in churches and schoolhouses that somebody was going to come down there for a recording. Not for a session, but for a recording.

And we would be very glad to listen to people, and they would come in from all over. A regular party. We would sit up all night long and listen to them and weed out the things we wanted and those that we didn't want, because they only had a few things that they were able to do and do well.

*Did you judge them yourself or did someone else? . . .*

No that was my job, that was my job. It was sort of a twenty-four hour deal. You sat and you listened to them and you talked with them and decided on this and you timed it. You rehearsed them the next morning, and recorded them in the afternoon and evening. It was a twenty-four hour deal, seven days a week.

*You helped the people how to understand and record songs?*

I think so. I hope so, because in so many cases they hadn't the slightest idea of what it was all about. So you had to give them an atmosphere that it was home, so you didn't pick a fancy place to record in. You usually took the upstairs of some old building where it looked pretty terrible. You hung some drapes and curtains and you also made it look and act a bit like home. You brought in a little of the mountain dew to take care of colds or any hoarseness that might happen, and also to remove a little of their fears of strangers doing this sort of work. You try to make them feel at home, and we felt the only way we could ever get that was in their own native habitat. You couldn't have done it in New York.

*That's why you recorded down there?*

Always. We recorded in dozens and dozens of different places, all the way from San Antonio to Houston and Dallas and Johnson City, Tennessee and Memphis and Little Rock and New Orleans and Atlanta and everywhere. But that's the way we built it up in advance—getting the word around that a certain time of the year we were going to be there. And these people would show up sometimes from eight or nine hundred miles away.

How they got there I'll never know, and how they got back I'll never know. They never asked you for money. They didn't question anything at all. They just were happy to sing and play, and we were happy to have them. Most of them we saw had something to go back with.

*I was interested in what kind of music, what kind of songs you were interested in?*

Four kinds. There were only four kinds of country music. One is your gospel songs, your religious songs. The others were your jigs and reels, like we spoke of a while ago at fiddlers' conventions. Your third were your heart songs, sentimental songs that came from the heart, and the fourth, which has passed out to a degree today and was terrific in those days, were the event songs.

Now would you like to ask me what I mean by an event song? An event song is something that had happened, not today, maybe years ago, but hadn't permeated through the South because of a lack of newspapers and no radio and no television in those days, but they had heard of it. For instance, some of the biggest sellers we were ever able to bring out was things like *The Sinking of The Titanic*.

Bring out a record years after it happened and tell a story with a moral. *The Sinking of The Titanic* was a big seller, but there was a little bit of a moral that people shouldn't believe that they could build a ship that couldn't be sunk. That's the way they talked about it; of thinking God took it upon Himself to show them that they couldn't build anything greater than He could.

Everything had a moral in the event songs. Well, for instance, things that have been made into a motion picture since—do you remember the story of the famous Scopes trial? Well, who would think of making a phonograph record about that? He said man had descended from the ape. Maybe he did. Lots of people think so, but the country person didn't believe that at all.

So we made a record. We sold 60,000 of them on the steps of the courthouse in Dayton, Tennessee—just during that tremendous trial. That shows the interest of the people in hearing somebody else recount an event, because remember there were thousands of buyers of phonograph records that had no other means of communication.

You had sad ones, the stories of Jesse James and all kinds of bandits and convicts and everything you could think of. Yes, and a murder here and there. *Naomi Wise* is a story of a little girl who lived. *Marion Parker* was married unfortunately, in Atlanta. But there was always a moral so what was done wrong should not be done by the person who was listening. It did a tremendous amount of good. I can't emphasize that too much.

Down through the Southwest, there was the

\**Inherit The Wind*, starring Spencer Tracy and Frederick March.—J.D.



story of Kenny Wagner. Kenny was a bandit but he was a clever bandit. He had a habit of committing a crime, getting caught, being put in jail, and getting out. He seemed to be able to master every jail that he was ever in. Well, it was all very good for us from the record standpoint. We would have a record telling of the capture of Kenny Wagner and then a record of the escape of Kenny Wagner.

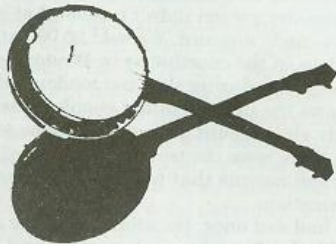
We went on through his life through a series of escapes, and then came the time that Kenny was finally caught and shot, not accidentally but on purpose and that was the end of it. So how were we to end up this series of the wonderful selling records we had? We brought out the finale. We called it *The Fate of Kenny Wagner*. And again there was a moral at the end of it.

Who recorded this series on Kenny Wagner?

No one in particular. However I must give credit, tremendous credit to a man named Carson Robinson.

He wrote most of them, did he?

Well, no, not to a great degree, but we did have some very odd situations that happened. Carson was a natural writer, and if I were down South and found some tale of a local nature down there, I'd sit down and write Carson to tell him the story of it. Then twenty-four hours later, in New York, Carson would be in, and say here is the story of whatever it happened to be. It would be done. We might make a few changes to make it a little more authentic. . . .



I happened to be up in Leake County, Mississippi. I think it is one of the most—one of the poorest counties in the United States of America. The people are removed from education and from all sorts of social contacts. I found a little group that had been playing together—four people—they interested me so I gave them a name. I called them the Leake County Revelers, a very high-sounding name, and they were a pretty good sounding group, but they just played things that didn't have any sense to them at all. They played in schoolhouses for practically

nothing. So you would have to figure out something that would give some sort of quality to what they were doing—a name. . . .

We had *Courtin' Waltz* on one side of their first record and on the other side we had *Wednesday Night Waltz*. It became one of the biggest selling records of all time. The Leake County Revelers.

Afterwards, a gentlemen in the South by the name of Huey Long was running for Governor. I was instrumental in getting him to hire the Leake County Revelers to go up through North Louisiana and so forth to play for him at schoolhouses. They would attract the crowd, and when they had the crowd there, Huey used to speak to them about how wonderful a governor he'd make and he was elected hands down. But it was really the Leake County Revelers that won the election. Then after that, the same pattern was adopted by others. I think his name was Daniels from Texas who took up guitar playing himself and used country music to get elected. . . .



We recorded in a little hotel in Atlanta, and we used to put the singers up and pay a dollar a day for their food and a place to sleep in another little old hotel. And then we would spend all night going from one room to another, and they kept the place hopping all night in all the different rooms that they were in. You would have to go from one room to another and keep your pen working and decide we won't use this and pick out the different songs that they knew, because you couldn't bring songs to them because they couldn't learn them. Their repertoire would consist of eight or ten things that they did well and that was all they knew.

So, when you picked out the three or four that were best in a man's so-called repertoire you were through with that man as an artist. It was all. He was finished. It was a culling job, taking the best that they had. You might come out with two selections or you might come out with six or eight, but you did it at that time. You said goodbye. They went back home. They had made a phonograph record, and that was the next thing to being President of the United States in their mind.

Then, out of it, there were a very few who could learn or could adopt something that some-

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body else might be able to do but not record. So you put those two together, so that one might be able to teach the other and you came up with a saleable or recordable article. . . .

*In the early days, they seemed to record a lot of the English kind of ballads.*

That is right. That's where so many of those things came. And yet, it's a strange thing that you could take an English ballad of some sort and it got its way to this country and it settled at the foot of a mountain in North Carolina, and it had words put to it by the people in that area down through the years. And then you go to the other side of the mountain, and you find the same tune, the same melody but with a different set of words, to fit their likes or their particular location. Originally much of that came from England and Wales.

*Did you record many of those old songs?*

Yes, we recorded quite a number of them. Again the melody would remain the same. That was something they all played, and they remembered it but they fit the words the way they wanted it. You see, what is generally not understood, Mike, is that a song writer in the South or in the hills is different than a song writer in the North or in the cities.

Primarily he's a poet. Up here, a man may be a musician. Down there they write the words first. Up here, you have collaborators, one is a lyric writer and the other is a musician. But down there, essentially speaking, it is all done by one person. So essentially in his heart he is a poet. He writes something. He writes and it rhymes. Let's call him a rhymester, not a poet.

So he writes this rhyme. And then he picks up the guitar and repeats this over and over to himself while he picks away certain notes that seem to fit, that give him the mood of inflecting when he wanted to. When he ends up he has a song. That is why every song written in the South by a so-called "hillbilly" is full of meaning. It tells a story, doesn't it?

*Almost always. I'm curious if you ran across people who sang without instruments?*

No, no, no.

*I was wondering why?*

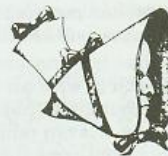
The instrument comes first as far as melody is concerned, you see. It's a natural thing for them to take a banjo and guitar and pick out things, but they have to have a reason for doing it. They just don't sit and do it. That's where the rhyme comes in. They'll take this rhyme and then sit down.

Like Hank Williams. That's the way he wrote

all of his things. He would write words as they happened to come to him, to fit a certain situation like *Cold Cold Heart*. Maybe you would not like a word or two, but he didn't know no other one to fit in its place. So he'd pick up his guitar, worked around it until that word that he didn't like or didn't properly fit (perhaps in the rhyme)—nevertheless, made sense when music was put to it. He made it fit.

*Did you necessarily run across more instrumentalists rather than singers? . . .*

Yes, yes, yes. Instrumentalists came first, because that is where the noise came from. They got little jobs playing at schoolhouses; playing at square dances. The singer didn't count so much, you see, because there was nobody there that was interested in listening to him. They wanted to dance, whoop it up and have a good time. . . .



*Well, did the people who sang the old English ballads, did they just come in to sing by themselves ever?*

No, no. When you got the singer, he was a rarity, and generally speaking, you hung onto him. A chap like that was capable of doing a song written by somebody else—a Riley Puckett. He would sit there and listen when someone would tell him a story—the words. He'd get the words pretty much settled in his mind and then he'd maybe have an idea of a melody which they would try to hum to him, and from it he built it. He was a creator without vision, you see, but tremendous "vision!"

There was a little thing up in my neck of the woods called the Mohawk Valley. There was a little thing that I remember we used to play called *Bright Mohawk Valley*. It was a lovely tune. I loved it. I played it. I taught it to Riley, and Riley learned to play it and sing it and we made a record called *Bright Mohawk Valley*.

I don't think we ever sold fewer records but I was hardly disappointed because it meant so much to me, the Mohawk River. This is a story I can repeat because it was published once without my permission. I thought it all over and maybe it was because the Mohawk River wasn't well known enough, and I knew of one in Arkansas called the Red River. So why couldn't I take my Mohawk River and make it into a Red River?



Which we did, and it became a little tune called *Red River Valley*.

Riley recorded it all over again, and it became one of the biggest selling country records ever made. Why? Because there was no one Red River in the United States but probably eight or ten. So everybody had adopted it. It was their special song, for their special Red River. There is only one Mohawk River. So hereafter, if I ever have anything to do with picking songs again, I've gotta pick one that's in every town.

*Can't miss that way. I was wondering if you ran across just a singer without an instrument say? Did they ever come in at all?*

No. You see you could take a singer, if there was such a one, you couldn't train him to play, but you could train a fellow who plays music to sing.

*Well, I was thinking of the possibility of him singing by himself without music at all.*

No, I don't recall. It just isn't natural. Any kind of singing in the South is with an instrument. There is one slight change in that and that is sometimes family groups or even religious groups where there may be only one instrument, but now we're getting over to the more gospel training.



Tambourine

Would you like a little bit of a story as to how you sold hillbilly records to hillbillies? This was in the early days, back in the middle twenties. I had a couple of new artists and I happened to be travelling down there and I landed in a little town called Corbin, Kentucky. It was a sort of a railroad town, as I recall because this was an awful lot of years ago.

I got hold of an idea. I went over to the general store. He sold some phonograph records and he had a machine in there, an old-type machine. So I went in and talked to him.

I said, "You know, let's try something out if you don't get enough people coming into your store. Maybe if one fellow wants to buy a phonograph record, he may want to buy something else in the store, like sugar. He may buy a phonograph record but you got to let him know about it."

"Well, how do you go about doing that?"

"Well, let's put up some seats in the back. It won't take much. We get some plank, some soft board, and we make little rising seats like they do at ball games. We put the phonograph

up in the front and we make some signs in the window and we invite the folks to come in on Saturday afternoon to listen to new phonograph records."

He said, "I like the idea." We made the signs in our handwriting. We put up the seats and we had room for about sixty people. I think we had a hundred and sixty show up. We filled the seats and they all stood around and we had the appropriate little box with sawdust, so we didn't get too much tobacco juice on the floor.

I started it and played two or three records that I am sure they knew about already. And then I put on this new record and played it all the way through.

*By new, what do you mean?*

Oh, that nobody had ever heard before, a new release. It was comin' out but I just wanted to try it out. So I played it and asked, "How many of you people would like to own this record, have it for yourselves?" Everybody held up their hands. "How many of you would like to buy this record, seventy-five cents you know?" I would say that out of the people there maybe twenty or twenty-five held their hand up. I said, "What's the matter with the rest of you people, don't you like it?" They said: "Yes, but we got no money."

Which was the story. They all wanted it you see, but they didn't have the money. The result is you'd be nice about it and give them one because you found exactly what you wanted to know. You were going to sell it to the extent that people had money to spend.

So you played over and over again these different country records and it got late in the afternoon, and the proprietor was getting annoyed. He wanted to clear out the place so he could go home. But how were you going to get rid of these people? They had been so nice. They had sat right there and were ready to be entertained for the next week. So I had a brand new idea. I had with me a Red Seal record of Caruso. I put it on the machine, and this was no reflection on Caruso or the aria he sang, but it was a race before the store was empty, showing that they didn't particularly care for operatic arias.

*Oh my. Did you do that kind of unusual practice very often?*

Yes, very often, very often. Like with one of the most famous that has ever been made, *Two Black Crows*. When we put that record out, we got such small sales that we were ready to throw it on the discard until I started going



around the country and gathering people off the street by giving them a slip of paper telling them we wanted their opinion on a certain phonograph record, if they would be at such a place at a certain time in the afternoon. We would bring all the people up—from the bank president to the street cleaner. You watched the expression on their face. We were able to judge then because you were playing to America.

*Were the records recorded on electrical or acoustic equipment?*

Well, the very first ones were acoustic because, you see, the so-called electrical recordings didn't come out until 1926, and I was with Columbia at the time, and we were the first ones that brought them out.

About 1927 was the first time we went out on the road with the new equipment. We had perfected the equipment in conjunction with Western Electric and we were the only company in the business that had it.

It was down in New Orleans, and we were recording a little religious thing, a little group of three sisters from up in the woods and their name was the Wisdom Sisters, of all things. They were the loveliest country people, and they sang nothing but religious songs. We had all the equipment set up and they were the first to record for us that afternoon. We had an electrician with us from New York plus a recording engineer. We tested and tested and everything seemed to be fine. They did this wonderful job on a beautiful religious thing.

We played it back so they could hear it and make sure everything's working all right. We put it on, and, "The score is three to two." It's some ball game in Houston, Texas. It was just being broadcast and we were picking that up, but not the voices in front of the microphone at all. We had some wire contact with the outside air that was crazy so we had a lovely piece of the ball game well-recorded. So that was the beginning of electrical recording. . . .



Chris Bouchillon from down in South Carolina who made that tremendously famous *Talking Blues*—he was down out of a little bit of a town outside of Columbia, South Carolina.

*How did you ever find him?*

Well, he came to see me down in Atlanta. I listened to him and I thought it was pretty awful. I thought the singing was the worst thing I had heard, but I didn't want to tell him that so we kept on talking.

We kept on talking, but I liked his voice. I liked the way he talked to me. I said: "Can you play guitar and banjo while you're talking?" He said: "Yes." So I said: "Let's do it, let's fool around with something like that." He had a little thing called a "blues thing" and he tried to sing it. I said "Don't sing it, just talk it. Tell them about the blues but don't sing it." So we ended up with talking the blues. That's all, except we dropped the "the" out and called it *Talking Blues*. . . .

Out of North Carolina, probably the biggest thing for the dance field was Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers. That's the name I gave them. Charlie became the motto of North Carolina practically.

*Was he very popular down through there?*

Tremendously so, but also the biggest record seller everywhere.

*What would you say it was that made Charlie Poole so well-liked?*

Perhaps the only thing was that he was just the best singer that they had up there in that area, and that he seemed to blossom out as he got to be known a little bit. He seemed to take a know-it-all attitude which showed up in the music and it was really good. He was the North Carolina big boy, I'll tell you.

*Were they songs he had known all his life?*

A great many of them were. North Carolina and Tennessee had a different type than Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama and so forth. Your North Carolina and through Virginia were based on the English folk songs, most of them.

Where down below in Florida and in Georgia throughout the South they get a little of Negroid, you know. It gets a little mixture and there is a very good reason for it because in those days in the outskirts of a city like Atlanta, you had your colored section full of colored people and you had your white, I am sorry to use the word, they used to call them "white trash", but they were right close to each other.

They would pass each other every day. And a little of the spiritualistic singing of the colored



people worked over into the white hillbilly and a little of the white hillbilly worked over into what the colored people did, so you got a little combination of the two things there. But they were very easily distinguished, you could tell them.

*Would you say they became easier to distinguish as time goes on or . . .*

No, no. They were easier in those days because they were more natural in those days.

*More natural?*

More natural. They did as they felt. They played and they sang as they felt. They adopted little things . . . But today they leave that area quickly when they get into the city. So you can say if they take on anything, they take on the city ways. They lose their own.

*Did you ever record a colored or Negro string band?*

Yes.

*That played country music?*

Well, to a degree. This is a moot question. I got to be very careful about it. The answer is yes. But you had to be very careful about it, you see because there were many laws in the Southern states, which for instance, if I recorded a colored group and yet it was of a hillbilly nature, I couldn't put that on my little folders that I got out on hillbilly music or vice versa.

As a matter of fact, I can give you a concrete instance in the State of Tennessee. We were sued for a quarter of a million dollars because I had recorded two white country boys by the name of the Allen Brothers, and I had them record the one thing that they had made famous. It was a colored song called the *Salty Dog Blues*, and they sang it in colored style. They used to sing it around in Negro pubs.

*Did they sing in Negro pubs?*

Yes, they used to go in and sing there, so I didn't see anything wrong when I brought it out and put it on the colored list. I thought that's where it belonged, but according to the laws in Tennessee, they didn't belong there.

*Who in Tennessee sued for that kind of thing?*

They had a lawyer who sued for them.

*Oh, the Allen Brothers.*

But they didn't do it. Somebody sold them on the idea, but we straightened it out. I had to prove a point because in those days I had colored artists like Ethel Waters and Bessie Smith, and I used to put them on the regular list. Or Ted Lewis, if he did some kind of blues, I put him

over on the colored list because it was their type of music done by him. What difference does it make? I felt that it's a little integration of music that is done naturally, not legally.

*It's interesting to hear you talk of the Allen Brothers because they were the most distinct cross-over. Do you know where they came from?*

They came from in and around Chattanooga. They were an example of what I was mentioning to you a few moments ago of how proximity brings about that sort of thing. You hear something that the other fellow is doing that you like. You take it and see if you can work it into your own. That's a natural thing.

*Were there Negro bands that played fiddle, banjo and guitar?*

Yes, to a degree, but not too much, for they had to do it for themselves. They weren't able to circulate and do it for those people who would understand that music very well. Just as the Allen Brothers had to go where people understood *Salty Dog Blues*, they had to go where people understood, and the interchange wasn't very much.\*



You see there was a lot who didn't last as well as the Skillet Lickers and the North Carolina Ramblers. They were in there.

*The Skillet Lickers, around the early thirties, their popularity began going down.*

Yeah, most of it did at that time. The depression did it. The fall-off in the sale of hillbilly music was due to one thing that was the depression because remember who was affected most by the depression in the thirties was your country people. They didn't have the money to buy. You give them the money to buy and they'll buy them.

*Your story about Corbin, Kentucky shows that.*

Yep, they'll buy them.

*You were telling me about the same time, you started the 15,000 Series in country music . . .*

That's right. At the same time, we became much interested in what we called in those days "race music", music for colored people.

*How did it come to be called that?*

Well, it was a name that I supposed that I

\*This situation has changed markedly. Charlie Pride, a black "cross-over" country singer, is one of the top stars in Nashville.—J.D.

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created in order to have a differentiation between that and normal phonograph records. As I said, we had our list of "old familiar tunes" and we had our "race music". We also had different serial numbers for them but you see the same area that produced one produced the other.

If you were recording in Texas, well, you might have a week in which you recorded your country music, cowboy music thrown in, and a little Spanish music from across the border, and things of that sort. And your next week might be devoted to your so-called "race music." Because they both came from the same area, and with the same general ideas.



*Did they both come to the same studios?*

Same studios, as I said, at different times. We finished up our work with the country people at the end of the week and the next day we started with the other ones. It worked together and it worked beautifully.

At the same time, we used to throw in little extra things. We were recording in New Orleans. We were recording some country music—not too much in New Orleans as strict country. We did record a good deal of so-called jazz—New Orleans Owls and different Chicago musicians like that, that sold to the regular trades all over the country.

And in addition to that, we would do some of our "race music", but we added a third classification at that time from down there that no one ever heard of, a little thing that maybe you heard—the word "Cajun?"

*Ahh.*

So I went up to Lafayette for a weekend. I happened to know something of the story of the Cajuns and was astounded at the interest that there was in their little Saturday night dances. A single singer would have a little concertina-type instrument and a one-string fiddle and a triangle, those were the instruments, but they

would always have a singer and of course they sang in Cajun.\*

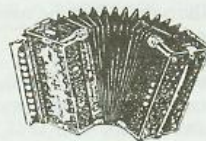
And to me, it had a funny sound. So I brought down a little group. I think his name was Joe Falcon. I brought him down to New Orleans, and we recorded just to have something different. We put it on the market, and it had tremendous sales.

*Just local sales or all over?*

No, definitely local sales extending all over the state of Louisiana and some of Texas, because there is a great many of the Cajuns living over in Texas. It was amazing that you could sell fifty or sixty thousand records in a locality of that size. And yet, that was just a little extra that turned out okay.

*Did you record more of the Cajuns after that?*

Oh yes, we made a regular business out of that.



Triangle

*How 'bout the Bently Boys? Do you remember anything about them?*

Not very much—no great shakes.

*Do you remember where they came from?*

No, I'm going to pass up on that. I don't remember, I really don't, Mike . . . I used to have all this on my finger tips, but other things come up, and you forget them. You go on and forget them.

*Would you have any way of finding the records, or the name of the first man you recorded way back then?*

I had all of those things. I had them in a big chest with everything packed. I had it over at 707 Seventh Avenue when my office was over there, and I had them in the cellar and I never was able to find any. They disappeared. Everything disappeared.

\*Cajun is a derivative of Acadian, and refers to the French Canadians who were expelled from Canada by the British circa 1762. They sing in Acadian French.—J.D.

*This interview with Frank Walker was done by Mike Seeger on June 19, 1962*



# The Birth and Growth of Anthology of American Folk Music

as told by Moses Asch

It's a long story. I started making records in 1939. The company then was known as Asch Records. During the war, shellac was confined to manufacturers who were in business before 1939 so I combined with Stinson who had the production but needed the titles. In 1945, Stinson and I parted.

Came the end of the war, there was a boom here. At that time we paid \$10,000 to an artist, and Disc had the top jazz artists. We issued *Jazz at the Philharmonic* in close cooperation with Norman Grantz who lent me the money to do it. Grantz later retired a millionaire when he used the money from his Verve Records to buy Picassos by the square inch.

But by 1947, I went bankrupt for \$300,000 and started Folkways Records. People who were involved in folk music between 1939 and 1947 knew what I was doing. I was the only one during those years who was documenting and issuing anything of consequence. In those days there was a union strike and nobody wanted to hire musicians so they came to me. The GI's were coming back from the war bringing songs. Pete Seeger came back then with anti-war and anti-army songs that talked about the Lieutenant who was selling shoes to the private; songs also about the housing, the prices and all that business.

So when I started issuing records again in 1947, this man, the closest I guess to Woody Guthrie as a character, came to see me. He had heard about me. His name was Harry Smith.

Actually his interest was originally in the American Indians of the Northwest. That's how he became interested in music as such, and he documented very early. During the war, because he was so small, he was able to mount the guns in the fusilages of airplanes. He got extra pay and with all that money bought up records. That was also the same time when I bought my collection of '78s—a very large one.

Before the war, the record companies themselves decided what records would be allocated to dealers. The dealer, in order to have a Columbia franchise, for example, would have to take whatever Columbia sent him. Those were

the monopolistic days. Naturally, the hillbilly stuff, the country music and all of that they had to accept here (in N.Y.)—two of each or three of each.

Then we had the shellac shortage during the war—Asia was cut off and they were using boats for other things than shellac. So, in order to get shellac, the big companies offered eighteen or twenty cents for all the records dealers had in stock. New York Band and Instrument and all the other dealers I used to pick up records from had tables full of this stuff—the greatest music in the world that New Yorkers knew nothing about. Right?

Harry Smith had the same thing on the West Coast. He bought up thousands of records. He knew what he was doing because all this time he kept track of when the records were recorded and who recorded them. In those days, they issued catalogs that gave the date, the matrix number and the place of the session. In the early Victor and Columbia days, the dealer had all this information.

Harry Smith collected vast information. In addition to that, he is an intellect. He understood the content of the records. He knew their relationship to folk music, their relationship to English literature and their relationship to the world.

He came to me with this vast collection of records. He needed money desperately. All his life he needed money. He got it from the Guggenheims or he got it from me or from others. He always needed money because he was always experimenting in the movies. He is quite a well-known movie creator. That's an expensive thing to work with.

Out of his collection, he came to me and said: "Look, this is what I want to do. I want to lay out the book of notes. I want to do the whole thing. All I want to be sure of is that they are issued." Of course I was tremendously interested.

Harry did the notes, typed up the notes, pasted up the notes, did the whole work. He and I discussed the layout but he layed out the whole thing. You know, he is very nice to work with. He is very thorough. He knew the material. He knew when it was recorded and he can name

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the people on the record.

The sad part of it is that afterwards when I wanted to issue Volumes IV and V we ran into the problem of everybody wanting to get into the act and nobody issuing a thing. The last effort was John Cohen and Sam Charters but both of them dropped the project. It was not pressure from other companies. Those people have never influenced me one way or the other. The real reason is I couldn't get the documentation.

The records were not available anymore. Harry had sold them to the New York Public Library—half of them. The other half I bought and Sam Charters went through them and we issued some of the things from the collection—Cajun and others on the RBF label.

No one knew the background of each record. Harry Smith disappeared. Then he started working on finger string games. Then he started working with the Seminole people, and now he is doing very well with moving pictures, so he dropped the whole project. Nobody picked it up at all. This is the horror.

It all is on tape. The problem is that Harry needed the records which were sent to the New York Public Library. The Library just taped it with no documentation at all and nobody has been able to reconstruct it. I have the tapes of Volumes IV and V but I can't get the documenta-

tion. There is no sense in just issuing it without the documentation.

The most important thing is the influence of the Anthology on people. It has been a take-off point for many of the younger musicians like Dave Bromberg, people like that. For the documenters, the Anthology has set a standard. It's rather interesting that when the White House wanted to get a record collection, the first record they ordered was the Anthology.

Pete Seeger just went to Asia. He took a plane and even with all that weight he took the Anthology. Harold Leventhal went to India and took the Anthology with him. When people are interested in American folk music, it is one of the best examples.

Wherever I go, the first thing they ask me is: "Is it still in print? Is the *Anthology of American Folk Music* still in print?"

Yes!!

From an interview with Ethel Raim and Bob Norman, March 22, 1972.

*We are very pleased to be able to offer Moses Asch's insights for the light they throw on Harry Smith. As this interview indicates, the Anthology of American Folk Music was very much the meeting of two great minds whose vision and wisdom combined to create a classic.*



## What Happened to Volume IV?

In addition to the five songs in this collection from the projected fourth volume of the Anthology, there were twenty-three others planned by Harry Smith. They appear to have been issued mostly from the middle 30's through the war years and include artists like Leadbelly, Robert Johnson, The Arthur Smith Trio, Bradley Kincaid, J.E. Mainer's Mountaineers and Blind Alfred Reed.

In his interview with Harry Smith, John Cohen asks about the never issued Volume IV:

JC: *You once told me of your many new plans for Vol IV. of the Anthology.*

HS: The real reason that it didn't come out was that I didn't have sufficient interest in it. I wanted to make more of a content analysis. I made phonetic transcriptions of all the words in the songs, but those notebooks got lost. The content analysis was like how many times the word "railroad" was used during the Depression and how many times during the war. The proportions of different words that might have some significant meaning beyond their exterior. Certain ideas became popular, the word "food" was used increasingly in the record catalogs during the Depression. I finally analyzed the catalogs rather than the records, because you can't do anything with such a small sample as there is in that set.

*To me the Anthology was more of a statement of interrelationships than a sampling.*

Well, the problems that were involved in those interrelationships have been solved since then, so there is no particular reason to bring those records out. They aren't as relevant—there isn't as great a possibility of them doing good, as certain other things might. Like I have all these recordings of the Peyote ritual, Kiowa Indian music, that I recorded in Oklahoma. Its release has been held up for years because I haven't completed the cover.



FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FA 2951, FA 2952, FA 2953  
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# AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC

VOLUME  
ONE  
BALLADS  
FA 2951

VOLUME  
TWO  
SOCIAL  
MUSIC  
FA 2952

VOLUME  
THREE  
SONGS  
FA 2953

EDITED BY HARRY SMITH



## THIS HANDBOOK CONTAINS:

- I - NUMERICAL LISTING OF SELECTIONS IN VOLUMES ONE, TWO, AND THREE (NOS. 1 TO 84), WITH INFORMATION ON ORIGINAL ISSUES, CONDENSATIONS OF TEXTS, NOTES ON RECORDINGS, AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND DISCOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES.
- II - ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO TITLES, ARTISTS, FIRST LINES, SUBJECTS, AND INSTRUMENTATION OF ITEMS NO 1 TO 84.
- III - CONSOLIDATED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF IMPORTANT REFERENCES TO SELECTIONS FOUND IN THIS SET.



"The tone—without the scratch"

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**\$1.00**



# Henry Lee

Harry Smith told John Cohen in *A Rare Interview* (*Sing Out!* Vol. 19, #1, May 1969):

*The Anthology was not an attempt to get all the best records (there are other collections where everything is supposed to be beautiful) but a lot of these were selected because they were odd—an important version of the song, or one which came from some particular place. . . . There was a Child Ballad, "Henry Lee" (Child 68). It's not a good record, but it had to go first in the set because it was the lowest-numbered Child Ballad.*

Dick Justice recorded *Henry Lee* (known as *Young Hunting* in Child and Sharp) for Brunswick in 1932. Jimmie Tarleton made his own tune for his version, *Low Bonnie* with the steel guitar for Columbia in 1930. (Transcribed in *Sing Out!* Vol. 16, #4 September 1966).

Guitar figure per  $\text{C} \cdot = \text{T} \quad \text{BR} \quad \text{BR}$

$\text{C} \cdot = 152$

[A]—

C F C

"Get — down, get down lit - tle Hen - ry Lee, And —

G C

stay all — night with me. — The — ver - y best

F C G C

lodg - in' I can af - ford will — be fair bet - ter than this. —

F C

"I — can't get down, and I won't get down, And —

F C F

stay all night with — thee, For the girl I have in that

"Get  
"And  
"The  
"Will  
"I can  
"And  
"For  
"I lov  
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With  
She p  
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"I nev  
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"We'll  
"More  
"Lie t  
"Till t  
"The g  
"Still



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**A** Variant for Verse 4



"Get down, get down, little Henry Lee  
 "And stay all night with me.  
 "The very best lodgin' I can afford  
 "Will be fair better than this."  
 "I can't get down and I won't get down  
 "And stay all night with thee,  
 "For the girl I have in that merry green land  
 "I love fair better than thee."

She leaned herself against a fence  
 Just for a kiss or two  
 With a little pen knife held in her hand  
 She plugged him through and through.  
 "Come all you ladies in the town  
 "A secret for me keep,  
 "With the diamond ring held on my hand  
 "I never will forsake."

"Come take him by his lily-white hand,  
 "Come take him by his feet,  
 "We'll throw him in this deep, deep well  
 "More than one hundred feet.  
 "Lie there, lie there, loving Henry Lee  
 "Till the flesh drops from your bones.  
 "The girl you have in that merry green land  
 "Still waits for your return."

"Fly down, fly down, you little bird,  
 "And a-light on my right ear.  
 "Your cage will be of the purest gold,  
 "No need for poverty."  
 "I can't fly down and I won't fly down  
 "And light on your right ear.  
 "A girl would murder her own true love  
 "Would kill a little bird like me."

"If I had my bend and bow  
 "My arrow and my string,  
 "I'd pierce a dart so nigh your heart  
 "Your warble would be in vain."  
 "If you had your bend and bow  
 "Your arrow and your string,  
 "I'd fly away to the merry green land  
 "And tell what I had seen."

# The House Carpenter

Sharp collected twenty-two versions of this Child Ballad (No. 243). Tom Ashley recorded two versions, one with Columbia in 1930 which is on the Anthology and the other as a member of the Carolina Tar Heels for Victor in 1928, titled *Can't You Remember When Your Heart Was Mine?*

The late Clarence "Tom" Ashley was another legend the Anthology revived. Ralph Rinzler, with the co-operative efforts of the Friends of Old Time Music (John Cohen, Jean Ritchie, Pete Siegel and Israel Young) introduced "Honest Tom" and his

"Gang" to college and city audiences. The gang included Doc Watson, Fiddlin' Fred Price, Gaither Carlton and Clint Howard. In the notes to *Old Time Music At Clarence Ashley's, Vol. I*, Rinzler writes of what it was to talk with a legend come to life:

*If you meet Tom Ashley today, you will surely find yourself laughing comfortably with him a few moments after your introduction and will probably go away thinking that in ten or fifteen years he'll be a delightfully spry old man—at the moment he's devilishly amusing one.*



There is no regular pattern to the meter changes. Use the text and your own sense of emphasis to guide you through the additional verses. The accompaniment is melodic. (see page 7)

♩ = 152

"Well - met, \_\_\_\_\_ Well - met," said an old \_\_\_\_\_ true \_\_\_\_\_ love, \_\_\_\_\_

[A] \_\_\_\_\_ "Well - met, \_\_\_\_\_ Well - met," said \_\_\_\_\_ he, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ "I'm just re - turn - ing from \_\_\_\_\_ the salt, salt \_\_\_\_\_

sea, And it's all for the love \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ thee." \_\_\_\_\_



**A** Variant for Verse 2



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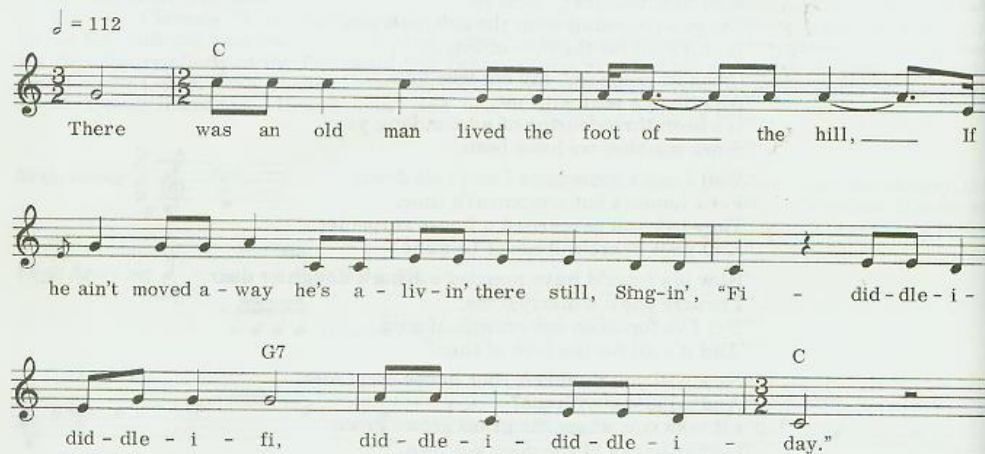
"Well-met, well-met," said an old true love.  
 "Well met, well met," said he.  
 "I'm just returning from the salt, salt sea,  
 "And it's all for the love of thee."  
 "Come in, come in," my old true love,  
 "And have a seat with me.  
 "It's been three-fourths of a long, long year,  
 "Since together we have been."  
 "Well I can't come in or I can't sit down,  
 "For I haven't but a moment's time.  
 "They say you're married a house carpenter  
 "And your heart will never be mine."  
 "Now it's I could have married a King's daughter dear.  
 "I'm sure she'd a-married me,  
 "But I've forsaken her crowns of gold  
 "And it's all for the love of thee."  
 "Now will you forsaken your house carpenter,  
 "And go along with me?  
 "I'll take you where the grass grows green  
 "On the banks of the deep blue sea."  
 She picked up her little babe,  
 And kisses gave it three.  
 Says: "Stay right here, my darling little babe,  
 "And keep your papa company."  
 Well, they hadn't been on ship but about two weeks,  
 I'm sure it was not three,  
 Then his true love began to weep and mourn,  
 And weep most bitterly.  
 Says: "Are you weepin' for my silver or my gold?"  
 Says: "Are you weepin' for my store?"  
 "Or are you weepin' for your house carpenter  
 "Whose face you'll never see any more?"  
 "No, it's I'm not a-weepin' for your silver or your gold,  
 "Or neither for your store,  
 "I am weepin' for my darlin' little babe  
 "Whose face I'll never see any more."  
 Well, they hadn't been on ship but about three weeks,  
 I'm sure it was not four,  
 Till they sprung a leak in the bottom of the ship,  
 And it sunken for to rise no more.

# Old Lady And The Devil

Bill and Belle Reed's rendition of this Child Ballad (no. 278) is quite close to the two British versions found in Child's collection. Bill Cox and Cliff Hobes recorded their rendition as *The Battle Axe and the Devil* for Vocalion.

Guitar figure per  =  T  BR  BR  BR

$\text{♩} = 112$



There was an old man lived the foot of the hill, If

he ain't moved a-way he's a-liv-in' there still, Sing-in', "Fi - did-dle-i-

did-dle-i-fi, did-dle-i-did-dle-i-day."

There was an old man, lived the foot of the hill,  
If he ain't moved away he's a-livin' there still,

*Refrain:*

Singing: "Fi diddle-i-diddle-i-fi,  
"Diddle-i-diddle-i-day."

He hitched up his horse and went out to plow,  
How he got around we never knew how,

*Refrain*

Old devil come to him in the field one day,  
Saying: "One of your family I'm gonna take away,"

*Refrain*

"Take her on, take her on, with the joy of my heart.  
"I hope by golly you'll never part,"

*Refrain*

Old devil got her all upon his back,  
He looked like a peddlar with a hump on his back,

*Refrain*

Old devil got to the forks of the road.  
He said: "Old lady, you're a hell of a load,"

*Refrain*



The old devil got to the gates of hell,  
Said: "Punch the fire up, we'll scorch her well,"

*Refrain*

Out come a little devil a-draggin' a chain.  
She picked up a hatchet and split out his brains,

*Refrain*

Out come a little devil a-skating on a wall,  
Said: "Take her back Daddy, she's a murderin' us all,"

*Refrain*

Little devil was a-peepin' out the crack,  
Said: "Take her on, Daddy, don't you bring her back,"

*Refrain*

Old man was a-peepin' out the crack,  
He seen the old devil come a-waggin' her back,

*Refrain*

The old man lay sick in the bed,  
She up with a butterstick and paddled his head,

*Refrain*

Old lady went a-whistlin' over the hill,  
Said: "The devil won't have me and I don't know who will,"

*Refrain*

Now you see what a woman can do,  
She can outdo the devil and the old man too,

*Repeat thirteenth verse and refrain*

*Repeat eleventh verse and refrain*

*Repeat twelfth verse and refrain*

*Repeat fourteenth verse and refrain*



# The Butcher's Boy

I remember my mother singing this song, and she said that her mother, who emigrated from Bessarabia, used to sing it, too.

This is a Kentucky version of *The Butcher's Boy*, which Buell Kazee recorded for Brunswick in 1928. Although he recorded fifty songs for the company, and was quite popular as a recording artist, he always considered himself primarily a Baptist minister.

Buell Kazee was one of the few trained musicians to gain popularity in the "hillbilly" market. In *Sing Out!* (Vol. 20, #1, October, 1970) Charles G. Brown wrote of him:

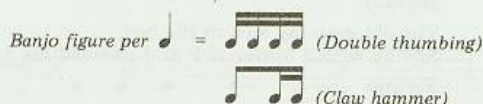
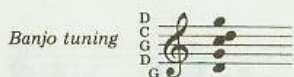
*His formally trained voice created another prob-*

*lem for Buell. The engineers at Brunswick said that mountain songs didn't sound "true" in his college-educated voice. "It was easy for me to sing in trained style," he said. "I was having a heck of a time getting back to the old voice. After we'd finish a song, the engineers would have to say, 'That's fine, but it's too good. Get that country voice back in there!' They were money-makers and the cash register wouldn't ring unless you did that."*

Other renditions of *The Butcher's Boy* were recorded by Henry Whitter, the Blue Sky Boys, and Kelly Harrell.

She we  
And no  
Her mo  
Says: "whe

"Oh, m  
"That  
"He's c  
"And n  
"There  
"Where  
"He tai  
"And k



Basic position



There is no regular pattern to the meter changes. Use the text and your own sense of emphasis to guide you through the additional verses. The accompaniment is melodic. (see page 7)

$\text{♩} = 144$

She went up - stairs to make her bed, And not one word to her moth - er said. Her moth-er she went up-stairs too, Says, - Daugh-ter, dear daugh - ter, what trou-bles you?



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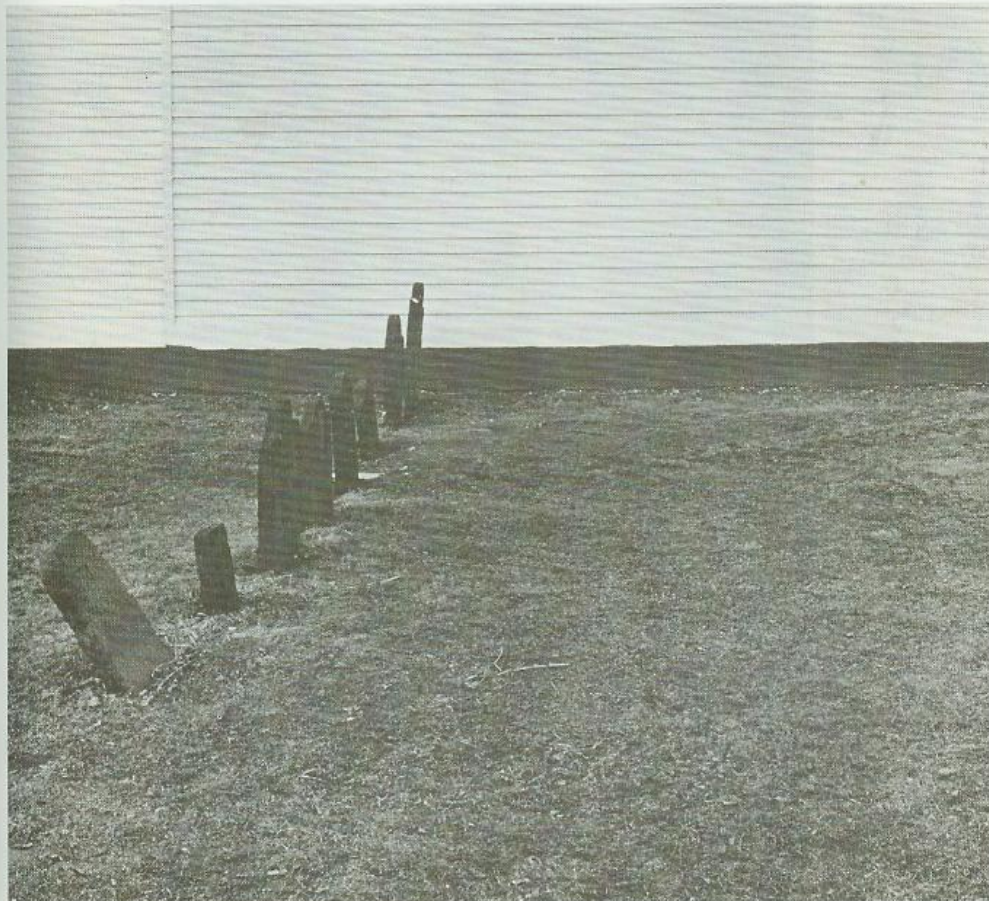
She went upstairs to make her bed,  
And not one word to her mother said.  
Her mother, she went upstairs too,  
Says: "Daughter, dear daughter,  
what troubles you?"

"Oh, mother, oh mother, I cannot tell,  
"That railroad boy I love so well.  
"He's courted me, my life away,  
"And now at home he will not stay.  
"There is a place in London town,  
"Where that railroad boy goes and sits down.  
"He takes that strange girl on his knee,  
"And he tells to her what he won't tell me."

Her father, he came in from work,  
And said: "Where's daughter, she seems so  
hurt?"

He went upstairs to give her hope,  
But found her hanging on a rope.

He took his knife and cut her down,  
And in her bosom these words he found:  
"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,  
"Place a marble slab at my head and feet.  
"And over my coffin place a snow white dove  
"To warn this world that I died for love."



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# The Wagoner's Lad

Cecil Sharp collected seven versions of *The Wagoner's Lad* with texts that differ almost completely from each other. Buell Kazee's recording most resembles the version gathered by Sharp in Clay County, Kentucky in 1908 from Miss Zilpha Robinson.

Kentucky is known for its banjo players and

Kazee's driving old-style picking made this song a favorite with those aspiring banjo players in the city who were just beginning to guess what musical secrets might lie in what one art singer acquaintance of mine called "a simple instrument." Kazee recorded his version for Brunswick in 1928. Kelly Harrell recorded *My Horses Ain't Hungry* for Victor.



Banjo figure per = (Claw hammer)

$\text{♩} = 144$   
A

There is no regular pattern to the meter changes.

The heart is the fortune of all womankind,  
They're always controlled, they're always confined,  
Controlled by their parents until they are wives,  
Then slaves to their husbands the rest of their lives.

The heart is the fortune of all womankind.  
They're always controlled, they're always confined,  
Controlled by their parents until they are wives,  
Then slaves to their husbands the rest of their lives.  
I've been a poor girl, my fortune is sad,  
I've always been courted by the wagoner's lad.  
He courted me daily, by night and by day,  
And now he is loaded and going away.



Your parents don't like me because I am poor.  
They say I'm not worthy of entering your door.  
I work for my living, my money's my own,  
And if they don't like me they can leave me alone.

"Oh, your horses are hungry, go feed them some hay.

"Come sit down here by me as long as you stay."

"My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay

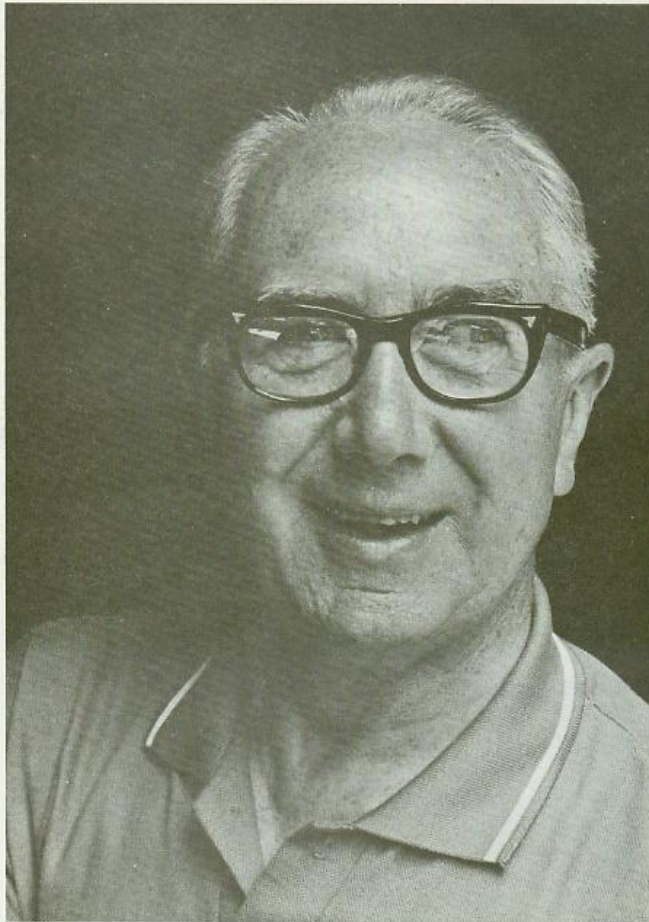
"So fare you well, darling, I'll be on my way."

"Your wagon needs greasing, your whip is to mend,

"Come sit down here by me as long as you can."

"My wagon is greasy, my whip's in my hand,

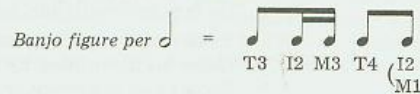
"So fare-you-well darling no longer to stand."



Buell Kazee

# King Kong Kitchie Kitchie Ki-Me-O

Sharp has eleven versions of *The Frog Went A-Courtin'*, but none with this fantastic mind-boggling chorus. Chubby Parker, a Kentuckian, and a star of the centrally important radio show, *WLS National Barn Dance*, recorded this fine children's song with the five-string banjo for Columbia in 1928.



$\text{♩} = 120$

C (F) (C) G7

Frog went a-court-ing and he did ride, King Kong kit-chie kit-chie ki - me - o, With a

C (F) (C) G7 C

sword and a pis - tol by his side, King Kong kit-chie kit-chie ki - me - o.

*Chorus:* F C G7

Ki - mo ke - mo ki - mo kee, Way down yon-der in a hol - ler tree, An

C (F) (C) G7 C

owl and a bat and a bum - ble - bee, King Kong kit-chie kit-chie ki - me - o.

*Whistle.* . . . . .

Frog went a-courting and he did ride,  
King kong kitchie kitchie ki-me-o,  
With a sword and a pistol by his side,  
King kong kitchie kitchie ki-me-o.

*Chorus:*  
Kimo keemo, kimo kee,  
Way down yonder in a holler tree,  
An owl, and a bat and a bumblebee,  
King kong kitchie kitchie ki-me-o.



He rode till he came to Miss Mouse's door,  
King kong kitchie kitchie ki-me-o,  
And there he knelt upon the floor.  
King kong kitchie kitchie ki-me-o.

*Chorus*

He took Miss Mouse up on his knee, etc.  
And he said, "Little mouse will you marry me?" etc.

*Chorus*

Miss Mouse had suitors three or four, etc.  
And there they came right in the door, etc.

*Chorus*

They grabbed Mr. Frog and began to fight, etc.  
In that hollow tree t'was a terrible night, etc.

*Chorus*

Mr. Frog hurled the suitors to the floor, etc.  
With his sword and his pistol he killed all four, etc.

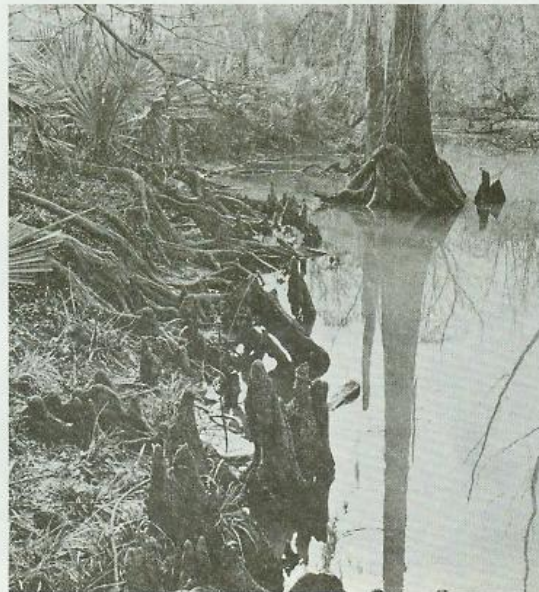
*Chorus*

They went to the parson the very next day, etc.  
And left on their honeymoon right away, etc.

*Chorus*

Now they live far off in a hollow tree, etc.  
Where they now have wealth and children three, etc.

*Chorus*



# Old Shoes And Leggins

A.C. "Uncle Eck" Dunford was one of the traditional musicians to be recorded by both the commercial companies in the 1920's and by the Library of Congress folklorists in the 1930's. Dunford recorded *Old Shoes and Leggins* for Victor in 1929 and for the Archive of American Folk Song of the Library of Congress in 1937.

Aunt Molly Jackson described the use of this

song in *Our Singing Country* (New York: MacMillan 1941):

*In the mountains, you'd sing this song any time that the mother begin to talk to the daughters about marryin' some old man, when probably maybe the already kindly felt they was in love or fancyin' some young man in the neighboring county. Then the sang it as a kind of protest song.*

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ ♩} \text{ ♩}$   
T BR BR

Use the melody of the second verse for the additional verses.

$\text{♩} = 69$



A man  
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\*Pronou



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A man who was old came courting one day,  
And the girls wouldn't have him.  
He come down the lane with a walking cane,  
With his old shoes on and his leggins.

My mother she told me to give him a chair,  
For the girls wouldn't have him.  
I gave him a chair and he looked mighty queer,\*  
With his old shoes on and his leggins.

My mother she told me to hang up his hat, etc.  
I hung up his hat and he kicked at the cat, etc.

\*Pronounced "quare".

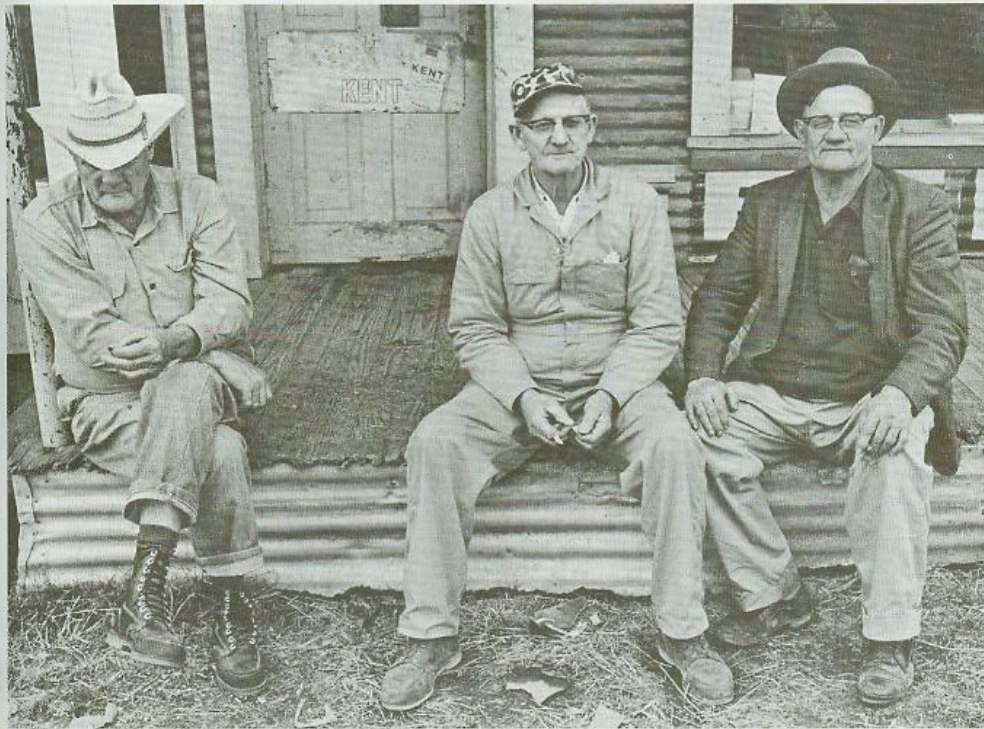
My mother she told me to give him some meat, etc.  
I give him some meat and oh, how he did eat, etc.

My mother she told me to give him the hoe, etc.  
I give him the hoe and he jumped Jim Crow, etc.

My mother she told me to give him the saw, etc.  
I gave him the saw and he played Rice Straw, etc.

My mother she told me to put him to bed, etc.  
I put him to bed and he stood on his head, etc.

My mother she told me to send him away, etc.  
I sent him away and he left us to stay, etc.



# Willie Moore

Richard Burnett and Leonard Rutherford played banjo and fiddle in a free-flow pre-guitar mountain band style. Their version of *Willie Moore* was recorded for Columbia in 1927. In the notes for *Ballads and Breakdowns of the Golden Era* (Columbia CS9660) where *Willie Moore* was reissued for the second time, Richard Nevins writes:

*His (Burnett's) rolling stream of notes follows Leonard Rutherford's lofting, yet intense fiddle lead move for move in a style quite similar to other fine performers from Kentucky. This ironic juxtaposition of delicate notes within a driving framework produces in their music an especially provocative mood.*

Doc Watson based his version of *Willie Moore* on Burnett and Rutherford's.

Banjo tuning 

Banjo figure per  = 13 11 T5

The fiddle follows the melody during the verse and, as indicated in the transcription, plays a musical refrain between each verse, starting simultaneously with the last note of each verse. This refrain could be effectively done with the banjo alone, or with most any other instrument as well. The banjo accompaniment is melodic. (see page 7)

$\text{♩} = 132$

(D) G (D)

Wil-lie Moore was a king, his age twen-ty-one, He court-ed a dam-sel

G

fair, Oh, her eyes were as bright as a dia-mond af-ter night, And

A

wav-y black was her hair.

Fiddle Refrain

A Variant for Verse 2

said it could nev-er

A Variant for Verse 4

way no tongue could

Willie  
He co  
Oh, h  
as  
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In a



Willie Moore was a king, his age twenty-one,  
He courted a damsel fair.  
Oh, her eyes were as bright  
as a diamond after night  
And wavy black was her hair.  
He courted her both night and day  
Till marry they did agree,  
But when he came to get her parents' consent,  
They said it could never be.

She threw herself in Willie Moore's arms  
As oft time had done before,  
But little did he think  
when they parted that night  
Sweet Annie he would see no more.

It was about the tenth of May,  
The time I remember well.  
That very same night her body disappeared  
In a way no tongue could tell.

Sweet Annie was loved both far and near.  
Had friends most all around,  
And in the little brook before the cottage door,  
The body of sweet Annie was found.

She was taken by her weeping friends  
And carried to her parents' room,  
And there she was dressed  
in a shroud of snowy-white  
And laid in a lonely tomb.

Her parents now are left alone,  
One mourns as the other weeps,  
And in a grassy mound before the cottage door,  
The body of sweet Annie still sleeps.

This song was composed in the cloudy west  
By a man you may never have seen.  
Oh I tell you his name but it is not in full,  
His initials are J.R.D.



# A Lazy Farmer Boy

The lazy man finds no love in any culture. It was corn rather than wheat that was the staple of pioneer and country people. John and Alan Lomax wrote in *Best Loved American Folk Songs* (New York, Grosset and Dunlap, 1947):

*The Indians, who called corn "mother and father", taught them how to plant and cultivate and*

*cook it. The dishes of the American folk are still made in the old Indian way, and their names are still the Indian names: hominy, pone, succotash, tortillas, tacos, suppawn, samp, Indian pudding.*

Buster Carter and Preston Young recorded *A Lazy Farmer Boy* with guitar and a fiddle that had a scorching sound for Columbia in 1930.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ T BR}$   
 $\text{♩} = 116$

Fiddle introduction and break

*There is a nice cross of tonalities between the frequent C# in the sung verse and the frequent C natural in the fiddle break. This sense of tonality, so common to much of traditional music, often causes "trained" musicians to squirm, but brings the music to life for those who already have it in their ear. Note also that there is no ambiguity in the guitar accompaniment. It stays consistently in D major.*

The musical score for "A Lazy Farmer Boy" is presented in a single system with multiple staves. The fiddle introduction and break is written in 2/2 time, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The guitar accompaniment is written in 2/2 time, with a consistent D major tonality. The lyrics are written below the guitar staff, and the musical notation includes various chords (D, A7) and a key signature change to 3/2 time for the final section.

*Fiddle introduction and break*

*Verse:*

*Fine* I will

sing a lit-tle song, but it ain't ver-y long, A-bout a la-zy farm-er would-n't

hoe his corn. And why it was I nev-er could tell, For that young man — was al-

- ways well. That young man — was al - ways well.

*D D. C. al Fin*



I will sing a little song, but it ain't very long,  
About a lazy farmer wouldn't hoe his corn.  
And why it was I never could tell,  
For that young man was always well.  
That young man was always well.

He planted his corn on June the last.  
In July it was up to his eye,  
In September there came a big frost,  
And all that young man's corn was lost,  
All that young man's corn was lost.

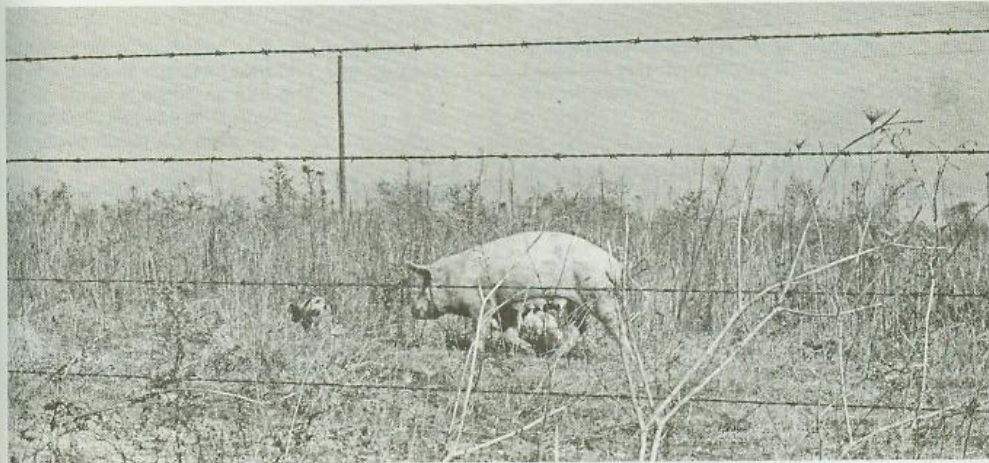
He started to the field and got there at last,  
The grass and weeds was up to his chin,  
The grass and the weeds had grown so high,  
It caused that poor man for to sigh. (2X)

Now his courtship had just begun,  
She said: "Now, young man have you hoed your corn?"  
"I've tried, I've tried, I've tried in vain  
"But I don't believe I'll raise one grain." (2X)

"Why do you come to me to wed,  
"If you can't raise your own corn bread?  
"Single I am and will remain,  
"For a lazy man I won't maintain." (2X)

He hung his head and walked away,  
Saying: "Kind miss you'll rue the day,  
"You'll rue the day that you was born  
"For giving me the devil cause I wouldn't hoe my corn." (2X)

Now his courtship was to an end,  
On his way he then began  
Sayin': "Kind miss, I'll have another girl  
"If I have to ramble this big wide world." (2X)







## Peg And Awl

The Carolina Tar Heels were one of the great old time bands of the late 1920's. Tom Ashley's medicine show humor pervades this group's recordings as well as the later outstanding performances he did for folk revival audiences. (Listen to *Old Time Music at Clarence Ashley's, Volumes I and II* (Folkways FA2355 and FA 2359). The musicianship, the spirit and the blend of all the members of the group (Doc Walsh on banjo, Gwen or Garley Foster on Harmonica and Ashley on guitar), made *Peg and*

*Awl* an Anthology favorite. Pete Seeger picked his version off the Anthology and recorded it on *American Industrial Ballads* (Folkways FH 5251).

The Carolina Tar Heels recorded *Peg and Awl* for Victor in 1929, at the end of a decade of hard times and low farm prices for America's rural population.

Guitar figure per  =   
T BR



A



In t  
In t  
In t  
Peg  
Har

In t  
In t  
In t  
Peg  
Har

In t  
Peg  
Har



$\text{♩} = 104$

1st Voice D 2nd Voice

In the days — of eight - een - and - one, Peg and awl, —

1st Voice 2nd Voice 1st Voice

— In the days — of eight-teen-and - one, Peg and awl, — In the days.

A G 2nd Voice

— of eight - een - and - one, peg - gin' shoes was all I done, Hand me

A7 D

down my pegs, my pegs, my pegs, my awl. —

**A** Variant for Verse 2

shoes was all I do, — Hand me

In the days of eighteen and one, peg and awl,  
In the days of eighteen and one, peg and awl  
In the days of eighteen and one,  
Peggin' shoes was all I done.

Hand me down my pegs, my pegs, my pegs,  
my awl.

In the days of eighteen and two, peg and awl,  
In the days of eighteen and two, peg and awl,  
In the days of eighteen and two,  
Peggin' shoes was all I do.

Hand me down my pegs, my pegs, my pegs,  
my awl.

In the days of eighteen and three, etc.

Peggin' shoes was all you'd see,

Hand me down my pegs, my pegs, my pegs,  
my awl.

In the days of eighteen and four, etc.

I said I'd peg them shoes no more

Throw away my pegs, my pegs, my pegs, my  
awl.

They've invented a new machine, etc.

Prettiest little thing you ever seen

Throw away my pegs, my pegs, my pegs, my  
awl.

Make one hundred pair to my one, etc.

Peggin' shoes it ain't no fun

Throw away my pegs, my pegs, my pegs, my  
awl.

*Spoken:*

Some shoemaker!

# Ommie Wise

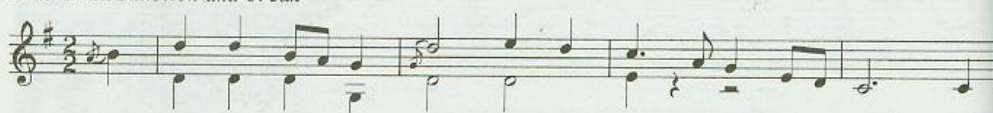
George Banman Grayson became one of the best loved and most respected musicians of his native area, the music-rich New River Valley of North Carolina. A blind fiddler, often broke, Grayson in his young days sang in the streets for a living. Grayson recorded *Ommie Wise* for Victor in 1927, singing alone with only fiddle accompaniment—an old way to do an old song. Later, he was accompanied by Henry Whitter on guitar, and the two made a number of recordings. A good selection of them can be heard

on *The Recordings of Grayson and Whitter* (County 513), a first-class reissue.

This ballad recounts the true-life murder of Naomi ("Ommie") Wise by John Lewis in 1808. Her grave may still be seen at Providence Church, North Carolina. Cecil Sharp collected seven variations of the ballad, and, according to Ralph Rinzler, the Library of Congress Archives has versions of the song by fifteen different singers. Tom Ashley recorded it for Columbia and later for Folkways (*Old Time Music at Clarence Ashley's*, Vol. II.)

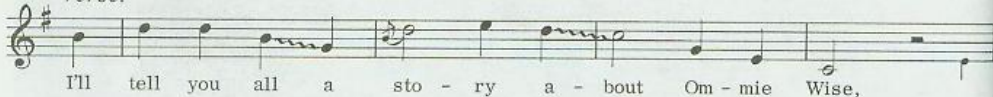
♩ = 92

*Fiddle introduction and break*



*Fine*

*Verse:*



*D. C. al Fine*

I'll tell you all a story about Ommie Wise,  
How she was deluded by John Lewis's lies.  
He told her to meet him at Adam's Spring,  
He'd bring her some money and some other fine things.  
He brought her no money nor no other fine things,  
But: "Get up behind me Ommie to Squire Ellis we'll go."  
She got up behind him "so carefully we'll go."  
They rode till they came where deep waters did flow.  
John Lewis, he concluded to tell her his mind.  
John Lewis, he concluded to leave her behind.



She threw her arms around him, "John spare me my life,  
"And I'll go distracted and never be your wife."

He threw her arms from 'round him and into the water she plunged.  
John Lewis, he turned round and rode back to Adam's Hole.  
He went inquiring for Ommie, but: "Ommie she is not here  
"She's gone to some neighbor's house and won't be gone very long."












John Lewis was took a prisoner and locked up in the jail,  
Was locked up in the jail around, was there to remain awhile.  
John Lewis, he stayed there for six months or maybe more,  
Until he broke jail into the army he did go.



# My Name Is John Johanna

*My Name is John Johanna*, also known as *The State of Arkansas*, was recorded by Kelly Harrell and the Virginia String Band for Victor in 1927. It was quite popular in city folk music circles. When Lee Hays was with the Almanacs and the Weavers, he sang a version of the song with a biting monologue

thrown in for good measure. (*Sod Buster Ballad*, Commodore FL 30,002) John Cohen often picks Harrell's version to sing as a solo in New Lost City Ramblers' concerts. The civil rights struggle and the antics of former Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus in the late 1950's gave this song an added dimension.

Guitar figure per  =  T  BR      Banjo figure per  =  I3  I1  T5 and  I1  T3  I1  T5

$\text{♩} = 104$

D

Although the song has a minor melody, the guitar and banjo play D major

My name is John Jo-han-na, I came from Buf-fa-lo town, For  
nine long years I've trav-eled \_\_\_\_\_ this wide, wide world a-round, Through  
ups and downs and mis-'ries \_\_\_\_\_ and some good days I saw, But I  
nev-er knew what mis-'ry was \_\_\_\_\_ till I went to Ar-kan-sas.

My name is John Johanna, I came from Buffalo town,  
For nine long years I've traveled this wide, wide world around.  
Through ups and downs and mis'ries, and some good days I saw,  
But I never knew what mis'ry was 'till I went to Arkansas.

I went up to the station, the operator to find,  
Told him my situation and where I wanted to ride.  
Said: "Hand me down five dollars, lad, a ticket you shall draw  
"That'll land you safe by railway in the state of Arkansas."

I rode up to the station and chanced to meet a friend. Alan Catcher was his name although they called him Cain. His hair hung down in rat tails below his under jaw. He said he run the best hotel in the State of Arkansas.



I followed my companion to his respected place,  
Saw pity and starvation was pictured on his face.  
His bread was old corn dodger, his beef I could not chaw.  
He charged me fifty cents a day in the State of Arkansas.

I got up that next morning to catch that early train.  
He says: "Don't be in a hurry, lad, I have some land to drain.  
"You'll get your fifty cents a day and all that you can chaw.  
"You'll find yourself a different lad when you leave old Arkansas."

I worked six weeks for the son of a gun, Alan Catcher was his name.  
He stood seven feet two inches as tall as any crane.  
I got so thin on Sassafras tea I could hide behind a straw,  
You bet I was a different lad when I left old Arkansas.

Farewell you old corn rabbits, also you dodger pills,  
Likewise you walking skeletons, you old sassafras heels,  
If you ever see my face again, I'd hand you down my paw,  
I'd be looking through a telescope from home to Arkansas.



# Bandit Cole Younger

Edward L. Crain, "The Texas Cowboy," recorded *Bandit Cole Younger* for Vocalion in 1930. The term "western" did not get tacked onto "country" until the 1930's when the first rush of popular cowboy movies were made, and the Eastern record companies recognized the money-making potential of the "cowboy singer". Texas and Oklahoma seem to be the musical birthplaces of the musical cowboys.

Bill C. Malone writes in *Country Music USA* (Austin, University of Texas Press, 1969):

*Texas's musical culture, therefore, prior to the urbanization of the post-1920's period, was produced by the Southern heritage. . . . In the late twenties the oil boom and the rapid growth of industrializa-*

*tion set Texas apart from her sister states. These factors became increasingly important when superimposed upon the fact that, although Texas was part of the Southern heritage, it was also part of the West. In fact, to most Americans, Texas was and is the West. And this West was a glorious land populated by cowboys.*

A few of the successful Texan singers who sang "with a capital T for Texas" were Vernon Dalhart (Marion Try Slaughter, who used the names of two Texas towns for a pseudonym), Jimmie Rodgers—the great blue yodler, and more recently, Ernest Tubb and Lefty Frizzel who performed country songs—with Texas accents, cowboy boots and Stetson hats.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\begin{matrix} \text{♩} & \text{♩} & \text{♩} \\ \text{T} & \begin{pmatrix} \text{I} \\ \text{M} \\ \text{R} \end{pmatrix} & \begin{pmatrix} \text{I} \\ \text{M} \\ \text{R} \end{pmatrix} \end{matrix}$

$\text{♩} = 72$

D G D

I am a not - ed high - way - man, — Cole Young - er

A D G

is my name, — With deeds and des - per - a - tion

[A] ————— A D

That brought my name — to shame. —

[A] Variant for Verse 2 A

of — un - til the day I



ese  
per-  
s a  
the  
d is  
led  
  
ang  
art  
two  
the  
and  
with

I am a noted highwayman, Cole Younger is my name,  
With deeds and desperation that brought my name to shame.  
Robbing of the Northfield Bank is a thing I'll never deny  
But which I will be sorry of until the day I die.  
We started for old Texas, that grand old Lone Star state.  
It was there on Nebraska prairies the James boys we did meet.  
With knives, gun, and revolvers we all sit down to play  
A game of good old poker to pass the time away.  
Across the 'braska prairies a Denver train we spied.  
I says to Bob: "We'll rob her as she goes rolling by."  
We saddled up our horses northwestward we did go  
To the God-forsaken country called Minnesoti-o.  
I had my eye on the Northfield Bank when brother Bob did say:  
"Cole if you under-to-take the job you'll always curse the day."  
We stationed out our pickets, up to the bank did go  
It was there upon the counter, boys, we struck our fatal blow.  
Sayin', "Hand us out your money, sir, and make no long delay.  
"We are the noted Younger boys and spend no time in play."  
The cashier being as true as steel refused our noted band.  
It was Jesse James that pulled the trigger that killed this noble man.  
We ran for life for death was near, four hundred on our trail.  
We soon was overtaken and landed safe in jail.  
It was there in the Stillwater jail we lay a-wearing our lives away,  
Two James boys left to tell the tale of the sad and fatal day.



# Charles Giteau

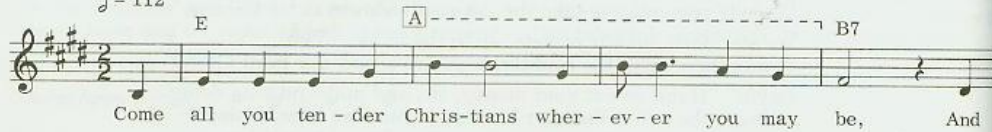
Kelly Harrell recorded *Charles Giteau* with the Virginia String Band for Victor in 1927. Before he was first asked to record by Ralph Peer in 1924, he had been a cotton mill worker. In addition to recording traditional songs like this one, Harrell wrote two country music classics of his own, *Away Out On the*


*Mountain* and *The Mighty Mississippi*.

Charles J. Guiteau was the disappointed office seeker who assassinated President James Garfield on July 2, 1881. Harry Smith writes, *The song is also alleged to be the work of Guiteau himself, who sang it to visitors in his death cell.*

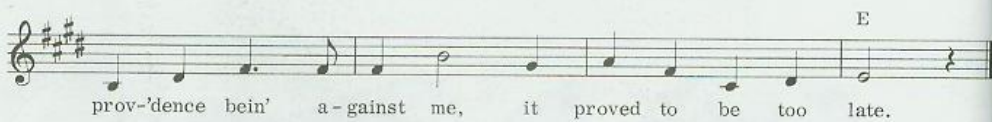
Guitar figure per  $\circ$  =   
T (I T I T I

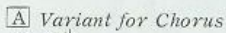
$\text{♩} = 112$

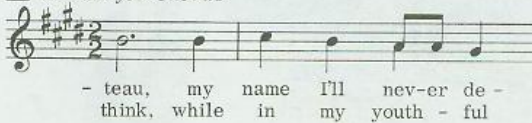
  
Come all you ten - der Chris - tians wher - ev - er you may be, And

  
like - wise pay at - ten - tion from these few lines from me. I was

  
down at the de - pot to make my get - a - way, And

  
prov-'dence bein' a - gainst me, it proved to be too late.

 *Variant for Chorus*

  
- teau, my name I'll nev - er de -  
think, while in my youth - ful



Come all you tender Christians wherever you may be,  
And likewise pay attention from these few lines from me.  
I was down at the depot to make my get-away,  
And Providence bein' against me, it proved to be too late.

I tried to play offensive but found it would not do.  
The people all against me it proved to make no show.  
The judge he passed his sentence; the clerk he wrote it down,  
On the thirtieth day of June to die I was condemned.

*Chorus:*

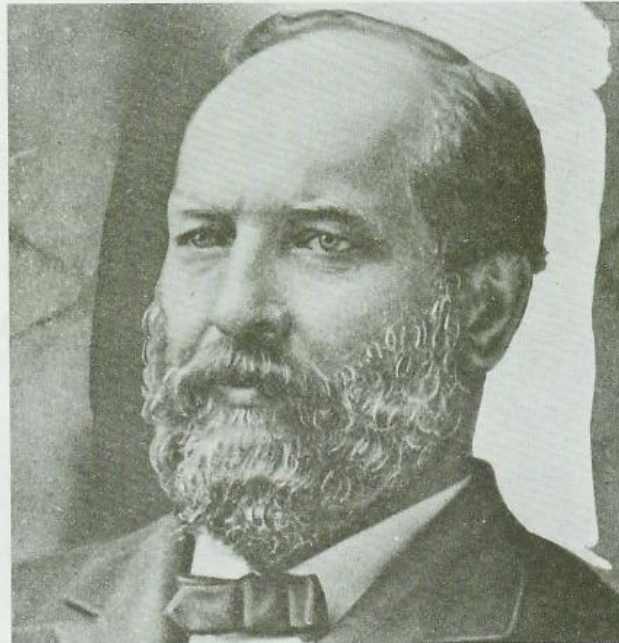
My name is Charles Guiteau, my name I'll never deny,  
To leave my aged parents to sorrow and to die,  
But little did I think, while in my youthful bloom,  
I'd be carried to the scaffold to meet my fatal doom.

My sister came in prison to bid her last farewell.  
She threw her arms around me, she wept most bitterly.  
She said: "My loving brother today you must die  
"For the murder of James A. Garfield upon the scaffold high."

*Chorus*

And now I mount the scaffold to bid you all adieu.  
The hangman now is waiting, it's a quarter after two.  
The black cap is over my face, no longer can I see,  
But when I'm dead and buried you'll all remember me.

*Chorus*



President James A. Garfield

# John Hardy Was A Desperate Little Man



Cecil Sharp wrote of the version of John Hardy he collected from Mrs. Ellie Johnson in 1916 (*English Folksongs From The Southern Appalachians*, London, Oxford University Press, 1932):

*This is clearly a modern product. . . . No better proof could be adduced of the way in which the mountain singers have assimilated and acquired the technique of balladry.*

John Harrington Cox noted that John Hardy was executed January 19, 1894 for killing a man in a crap game over twenty-five cents. Nonetheless, the

defiance that John Hardy represents has always appealed strongly to country musicians, and his ballad or its tune is as frequently found in their repertoire as *Old Joe Clark* and some versions of *Sally Ann*.

Sara Carter sang solo in the Carter Family's 1930 Victor recording. The driving guitar with which "Mother" Maybelle Carter accented the end of verses is prominent in this recording. Her picking came as a revelation of the possibilities of the guitar to those of us who had heard it played by Burl Ives only as a simple, strummed dull accompaniment.

Guitar figure per  =   
T BR U T U BR U

$\text{♩} = 118$

C F C

John Har - dy was a des - p'rate lit - tle

F C

man, He car - ried two guns ev - 'ry day,

F C

He shot a man on the West Vir - gi - nia

Line, And you ought to seen John Har - dy get - ting a - way.

John Hardy was a desp'rate little man,  
He carried two guns ev'ry day.  
He shot a man on the West Virginia Line,  
And you ought to seen John Hardy getting  
away.

John Hardy got to the East Stone Bridge,  
He thought that he would be free,  
And up stepped a man and took him by his arm,  
Saying, "Johnny walk along with me."

He s  
To c  
But  
And  
Joh  
The  
As s  
Say  
Joh  
The  
She  
Say



He sent for his poppy and his mommy too  
To come and go his bail,  
But money won't go a murdering case  
And they locked John Hardy back in jail.

John Hardy had a pretty little girl,  
The dress that she wore was blue,  
As she came skipping through the old jail hall  
Saying: "Poppy I've been true to you."

John Hardy had another little girl,  
The dress that she wore was red,  
She followed John Hardy to his hanging ground  
Saying: "Poppy I would rather be dead."

"I've been to the East and I've been to the West,  
"I've been this wide world around.

"I've been to the river and I've been baptized,  
"And it's now I'm on my hanging ground."

John Hardy walked out on his scaffold high  
With his loving little wife by his side,  
And the last words she heard poor John-o say,  
"I'll meet you in that sweet by and by."



The Carter Family

# Gonna Die With My Hammer In My Hand (John Henry)

Versions of *John Henry* are found in both black and white traditional repertoires. Other versions range from Library of Congress recordings to selections of the Norman Luboff Choir. This rendition by

the Williamson Brothers and Curry with two guitars and fiddle (1927) indicates that if the singers are vital, good and interesting individuals, even an "over-sung" song can sound new.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ BR}$   
T BR

$\text{♩} = 138$   
Verse: F C [A] F

John Hen-ry, he told his cap-tain, "A man ain't noth-in' but a

C F C

man, But be-fore I'll be beat-en by this old steam drill, Lord, I'll

Refrain:

die with my ham-mer in my hand, Lord, I'll die with my ham-mer in my hand."

2nd Voice hand, Lord, Lord, \_

[A] Variant for Verse 2

F

"Cap-tain how can it \_

Va.  
4/4  
G  
2nd

John  
"A ma  
"But t  
by  
"Lord  
"Lord  
John  
"Capt  
"The  
"Gonr  
"Gonr  
(Thir



An all-ti



*Variant for Refrain*

Gon-na be the death of me,                      Gon-na be the death of me.

2nd Voice                      me, Lord, Lord, —

John Henry, he told his Captain,  
 "A man ain't nothin' but a man,  
 "But before I'll be beaten  
 by this old steam drill,  
 "Lord, I'll die with my hammer in my hand.  
 "Lord, I'll die with my hammer in my hand."

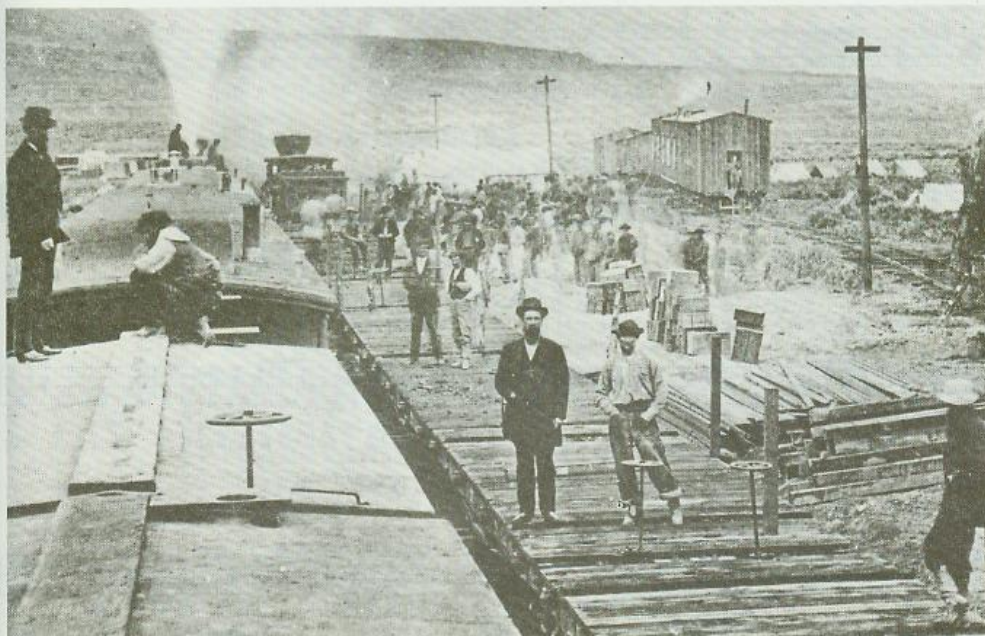
John Henry, he told his Captain:  
 "Captain, how can it be  
 "The Big Bend tunnel on the C and O road  
 "Gonna be the death of me,  
 "Gonna be the death of me."

(Third verse is unintelligible.)

John Henry, he told his Shaker:  
 "Shaker you better pray  
 "For if I miss this little piece of steel  
 "Tomorrow'll be your burying day." (2X)

John Henry had but one only child,  
 Had him in the palm of his hand.  
 The very last words John Henry said,  
 "Son, don't be a steel drivin' man." (2X)

John Henry had a little woman.  
 Her name was Sally Ann.  
 John Henry got sick and he could not work,  
 Sally drove the steel like a man. (2X)



An all-time record for track construction in one day, April 28, 1869.

# Stackalee

*Stackalee* was originally submitted to John Lomax by Ella Scott Fisher in 1910 as a song based on an actual shooting in Memphis around 1900. The song was popular among black longshoremen who worked the river freighters. The Lomaxes could find nothing like it in their 1933 survey of Memphis except versions that were "mixed with the blues" and so much jazzed as to be "almost beyond recognition."

Frank Hutchinson, a white country singer, recorded this *Stackalee* in 1927 with a harmonica-guitar

combination that had great influence on Doc Watson and the early recordings of Bob Dylan. Mississippi John Hurt recorded his version for Okeh in 1928 and Furry Lewis, a Memphis musician of the first caliber, recorded another version for Vocalion. Years later, *Stackalee* again became a favorite when sung by the "rediscovered" Mississippi John Hurt at the Ballad Workshop of the Philadelphia Folk Festival of the early 1960's, as well as other festivals in later years.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩}$   
T BR

*There is no regular pattern to the meter changes. It is not difficult, however to retain the irregularity of meter in the additional verses, as each beat gets a complete guitar strum.*

$\text{♩} = 132$

**A** —————

Cold and ear-ly, one dark and driz-zi-ly night,

**D**

Bil-ly Lyons and Stack-a-lee had one ter-ri-ble

**B** —————

**E7** **A**

fight, All a-bout that John B. Stet-son hat.

**A** *Variant for Verse 2*

**A**

Stack-a-lee walked to the bar-room And he called a glass of beer. He

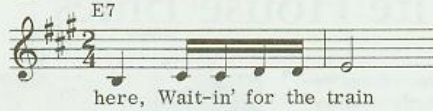
**A** *Variant for Verse 3*

**A**

Stack-a-lee oh Stack-a-lee, Please don't take my life, I've



[B] *Variant for Verse 2*



Cold and early one dark and drizzly night,  
Billy Lyons and Stackalee had one terrible fight,  
All about that John B. Stetson hat.

Stackalee walked to the bar-room and he called a glass of beer.  
He turned around to Billy Lyons said: "What are you doing here?"  
"Waitin' for the train to bring my woman home."

"Stackalee, oh Stackalee, please don't take my life,  
"I've got three little children and a weepin' lovin' wife.  
"You're a bad man, bad man Stackalee."

"God bless your children, I'll take care of your wife.  
"You stole my John B. and I'm bound to take your life."  
All about that John B. Stetson hat.

Stackalee turned to Billy Lyons and shot him right through the head.  
It only took him one shot to kill Billy Lyons dead.  
All about that John B. Stetson hat.

Sent for the doctor, well the doctor he did come.  
"Well now, ole Stackalee, now what have you done?  
"You're a bad man, bad man Stackalee."

Six big horses and a rubber tired hack.  
They've taken him to the cemetery; they fail to bring him back.  
All about that John B. Stetson hat.

*Spoken:*  
Lookin' for old Stackalee then.

Cold and early, you could hear the bulldog bark.  
It must have been ole Stackalee stumblin' in the dark.  
He's a bad man, gonna land him right back in jail.

*Spoken:*  
How did they catch ole Stackalee?

High police walked onto Stackalee; he was lyin' fast asleep.  
High police said: "Stackalee," he jumped for forty feet  
He's a bad man, gonna land him right back in jail.

Got ole Stackalee they land him right back in jail.  
They couldn't get a man around to go Stackalee's bail.  
All about that John B. Stetson hat.

Stackalee said to the jailer, "Jailer, I can't sleep,  
"From my bedside Billy Lyons began to creep."  
All about that John B. Stetson hat.

# White House Blues

This was one of the most popular recordings by one of the best loved performers in early country music—Charlie Poole, who recorded it with the North Carolina Ramblers for Columbia in 1926. They represent 1920's string band music at its height of musicianship and humor, and understandably, their influence on the old time music revival was enormous.

Versions of *White House Blues* appeared on the first two New Lost City Ramblers recordings; one, *The Battleship of Maine* on Vol. I, Folkways FA 2396, and the other, a parody learned from Bob Baker of Kentucky on *Songs from the Depression*, Folkways, FA 5264, which ran, in part:

Look here, Mr. Hoover, it's see what you done,  
You went off a-fishin',  
let the country go to ruin,  
Now he's gone, I'm glad he's gone.

Little love was lost between McKinley and the populist-minded Southern farmers and mill hands, whose hero was William Jennings Bryan. Since McKinley beat Bryan at the polls, it's no wonder that this song about McKinley's assassination has a lively tune and a teasing tone.

Thirty-five of Charlie Poole's recordings have been reissued on three Albums by County Records (County 505, 509, 516)—a company whose sales started with the city revival audience, but whose greatest market today is among the country people who want to hear the "old sounds."



William Jennings Bryan

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{T}$   $\text{BR}$

$\text{♩} = 132$   
D

Mc-Kin-ley he hol-lered,— 'Kin-ley—squalled,—

G

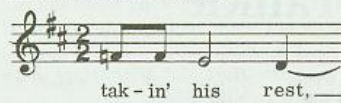
Doc says, "Mc-Kin-ley, I—can't find—that ball," From Buf-fa-

D A7 D

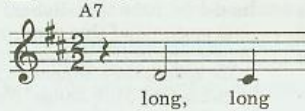
lo To Wash-ing-ton.



**A** *Variant for Verse 2*



**B** *Variant for Verse 2*



McKinley he hollered, 'Kinley squalled.

Doc says "McKinley, I can't find that ball."

From Buffalo to Washington.

Roosevelt in the White House, he's doin' his best.

McKinley in the graveyard, he's takin' his rest.

He's gone a long, long time.

"Hush up, little children, now don't you fret,

"You'll draw a pension at your papa's death."

From Buffalo to Washington.

Roosevelt in the White House, drinkin' out of a silver cup,

McKinley in the graveyard, he'll never wakes up.

He's gone a long old time.

"Ain't but one thing that grieves my mind,

"That is to die, and leave my poor wife behind.

"I'm gone a long old time."

"Look a-here little children, rest your breath,

"You'll draw a pension at your papa's death."

From Buffalo to Washington.

Standing at the station, just looking at the time,

See that we're running by half-past nine.

From Buffalo to Washington.

Train, the train, she's just on time.

She runs a thousand miles from eight o'clock 'til nine.

From Buffalo to Washington.

Yonder come the train, she's comin' down the line.

Blowin' at every station, Mr. McKinley's a-dyin'

It's hard times, it's hard times.

"Look a-here you rascal, you see what you've done,

"You shot my husband here with that Ivor Johnstone gun,"

Get back to Washington.

Doctor on a horse, he tore down his mane,

Said to that horse, "You got to out-run this train."

From Buffalo to Washington.

Doctor a-running, taked off his specs,

Said: "Mr. McKinley, you'd better pass in your checks.

"You bound to die, bound to die."

# Frankie

Around 1960, a number of city folk singers were competing over who could get *Frankie* down on guitar first. One very fine performer I knew exclaimed at one point: "It's damn impossible." The Anthology established Mississippi John Hurt as a legend and a genius and as with most geniuses of legend he was presumed dead. Happily, he was found alive and well in his hometown of Avalon, Mississippi by Tom Hoskins in 1963.

In the years before his death in 1967, John Hurt won the hearts of thousands through his warmth as a person and his brilliance as a musician. Two outstanding solo recordings were made in this four year period: an out-of-print Piedmont *Mississippi John*

*Hurt and Mississippi John Hurt, Today* (Vanguard VRS -9220).

*Frankie*, originally recorded for Okeh in 1928 has the humor and expressive guitar work that made John Hurt's music unique. John and Alan Lomax noted in 1934 that Robert A. Gordon had collected 300 variants of this song, and that: *No one has ever heard precisely the same song sung by two individuals, unless they happen to be roommates* (*American Ballads and Folk Songs*, New York, MacMillan).

Other recordings of the period were made by Jimmie Rodgers, Tom Darby and Jimmie Tarleton and the Dykes Magic City Trio.

Guitar figure per  = 

$\text{♩} = 120$   
C



Frank-ie was a good girl, Ev-'ry-bod-y knows.

F



She paid one hun-dred dol-lars for Al-bert's suit of clothes.

C G C



He's her man, And he done her wrong.

Frankie was a good girl, ev'rybody knows,  
She paid one hundred dollars for Albert's suit of clothes.  
He's her man and he done her wrong.  
Frankie went down to the corner saloon, didn't want to be gone long.  
She peeped through the keyhole in the door, spied Albert in Alice's arms.  
"He's my man and he's done me wrong."  
Frankie caught Albert, Albert said: "I don't care."  
"If you don't come to the woman you love, gonna haul you out of here."  
"You're my man and you done me wrong."



Frankie shot old Albert, and she shot him three or four times,  
"Let me blow back the smoke of my gun, let me see if Albert's dyin'.  
"He's my man and he done me wrong."

Frankie and the judge walked down the stand, walked out side by side.  
The judge says to Frankie: "You're gonna be justified  
"For killin' your man and he done you wrong."

Dark was the night, cold was on the ground,  
The last words that Frankie said was "I laid old Albert down.  
"He was my man and he done me wrong."

I ain't gonna tell no stories, I ain't gonna tell no lies,  
But Albert past about an hour ago with a girl called Alice Frye.  
He's your man and he done you wrong.



Mississippi John Hurt and Sleepy John Estes

# When That Great Ship Went Down

William and Vesey Smith never had much exposure to city audiences. If they had, their reputation would have matched those of other great country artists such as Tom Ashley, Furry Lewis, and Mississippi John Hurt. When they recorded *When That Great Ship Went Down*, for Paramount in 1927, with guitar and tambourine accompaniment, they did it with an impact comparable to that of the iceberg on the Titanic.

This song carried a lesson that wasn't lost on the workers and farmers. As Harry Smith summed it up, *Manufacturers' proud dream destroyed at shipwreck;*

*Segregated poor die first. The arrogant notion of building a ship that the water couldn't get through, was clearly in defiance of the laws of God and nature, and putting the poor below turned out to be an act of class murder.*

This has been an extremely popular song with artists and with audiences over the years. In addition to versions by traditional singers like Leadbelly, Dorsey Dixon, Bessie Jones, and Ernest "Pop" Stoneman, there are renditions by modern city singers like Chris Smither and Jamie Brockett adding monologues.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \quad \text{BR}$  The meter changes are not regular, but they remain quite similar throughout the song.

$\text{♩} = 126$

[A]-----E-----

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked as 126 beats per minute. The meter is irregular, changing between 2/2, 3/2, and 2/4 throughout the piece. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score includes a guitar figure and a chorus section.

On a Mon - day morn - ing just a-bout nine o' - clock,

Great Ti - tan - ic be-gan to reel and rock, Chil-dren be-gin

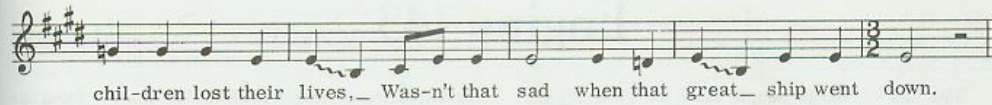
cry - ing, guess I'm gon - na die, was-n't that sad when that

Chorus:

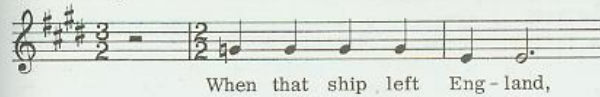
great ship went down. Sad when that great - ship went down,

Sad when that great ship went down. Hus-bands and wives -





**A** *Variant for Verse 2*



On a Monday morning, just about nine o'clock,  
Great Titanic began to reel and rock.  
Children begin crying, guess I'm gonna die.  
Wasn't that sad when that great ship went down.

*Chorus:*

Sad when that great ship went down  
Sad when that great ship went down  
Husbands and wives, children lost their lives,  
Wasn't that sad when that great ship went down.

When that ship left England, makin' for that shore,  
The rich did declare, would not ride with the poor.  
They put the poor below, they was the first to go.  
Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down.

*Repeat second verse and Chorus*

People on that ship, long ways from home,  
Had friends all around me, they know their time had come.  
Death come a-riding by, sixteen hundred had to die.  
Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down.

*Repeat third verse and Chorus*

While they was building (Remainder of line is unintelligible.)  
Now they would build a ship that water can't get through.  
Lord . . . Lordy . . .  
Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down?

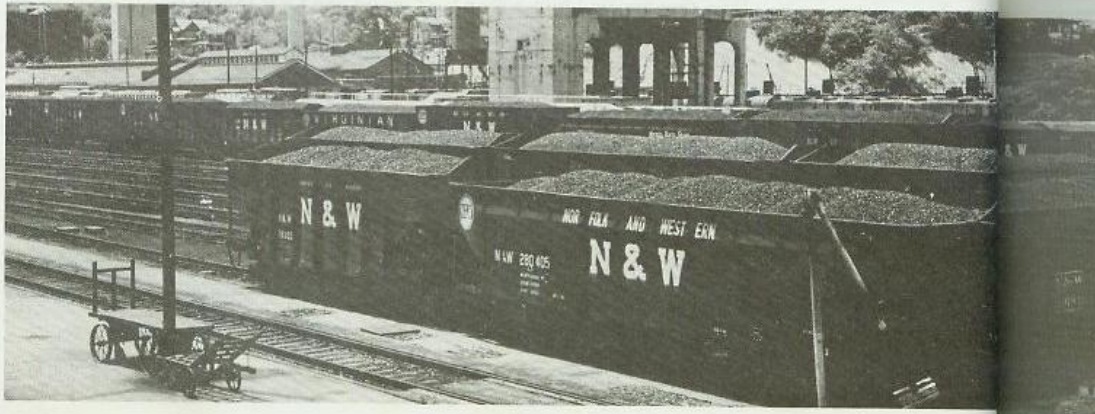
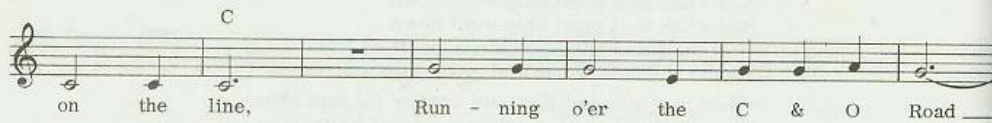
# Engine 143

The "FFV" stood, people said, for Fast Flying Vestibule. George Alley was killed October 23, 1890 on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad when his train wrecked due to a landslide. Sara Carter's vocal solo was picked up by Joan Baez who popularized it among large city audiences in 1960-1961. The more

fortunate ones learned *Engine 143* directly from the Anthology. The original recording was issued by Victor in 1927. RCA Victor later reissued *Engine 143* on its excellent Vintage series, *The Railroad in Folksong* (Victor LPV 532).

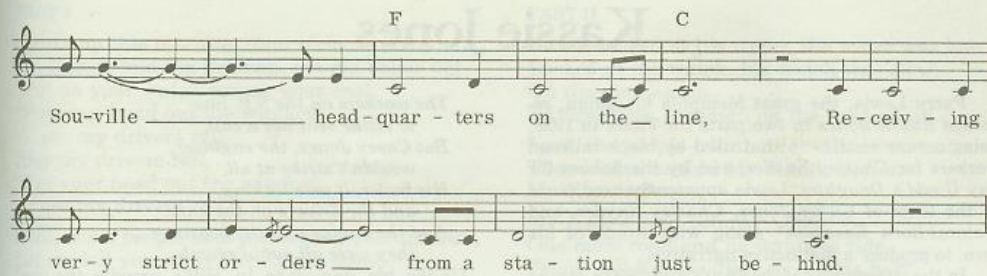
Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ ♩} \text{ ♩} \text{ ♩}$   
T BR U BR U

$\text{♩} = 76$





he  
by  
43  
in



Along came the F.F.V., the swiftest on the line,  
Running o'er the C&O Road, just twenty minutes behind.  
Running into Souville, headquarters on the line,  
Receiving very strict orders from a station just behind.  
Georgie's mother came to him with a bucket on her arm,  
Saying: "My darling son, be careful how you run,  
"For many a man has lost his life, been trying to make lost time,  
"And if you run your engine right, you'll get there just on time."  
Up the road she darted, against the rock she crushed.  
Upside down the engine turned and Georgie's breast did smash.  
His head was against the firebox door; the flames were rolling high.  
"I'm glad I was born for an engineer to die on the C & O Road."  
The doctor says to Georgie, "My darling boy, be still,  
"Your life may yet be saved if it is God's blessed will."  
"Oh no," said George, "that will not do, I want to die so free.  
"I want to die for the engine I love, One Hundred and Forty-Three."  
The doctor said to Georgie, "Your life cannot be saved."  
Murdered upon the railroad and laid in a lonesome grave,  
His face was covered up with blood, his eyes you could not see,  
And the very last words poor Georgie said was: "Nearer my God to Thee."



# Kassie Jones

Furry Lewis, the great Memphis bluesman, recorded *Kassie Jones* in two parts for Victor in 1928, using a tune similar to that used by black railroad workers for *Charley Snyder*, and by the hoboes for *Jay Gould's Daughter*. Lewis apparently used parts of the texts of *Casey Jones*, *Charley Snyder*, and *Natural-Born Easeman*\* along with words of his own, to produce a distinctive narrative.

In the city revival of the 1940's and 1950's, it was Joe Hill's great parody of *Casey Jones* that was most often sung. It dealt with the Southern Pacific strike of 1911 (complete text in *Lift Every Voice, The Second People's Song Book*, Oak Publications):

\*"Easeman" is a railroad term for a hustler who makes it so well with the women that he doesn't have to work.

*The workers on the S.P. line  
to strike sent out a call,  
But Casey Jones, the engineer,  
wouldn't strike at all,  
His boiler, it was leaking,  
and the drivers on the bum,  
And the engine and the bearings  
they were all out of plumb.*

Unlike his namesake in Hill's parody, the real John Luther "Casey" Jones was not a scab. He died a genuine hero, trying to bring his Illinois Central passenger train under control before it wrecked on April 30, 1900. His name and fame spread in song among both black and white railroad workers, with much borrowing of tunes and texts from other songs.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$  and  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$  U  
T BR T BR U

$\text{♩}$  = 108

E

I woke up this morn - ing four o' - clock, — Mis - ter

Kas-sie told the fire-man get his boil - er hot — Put on your wa - ter, Put

on your coal, — Put your head out the win-dow, See my driv - ers roll. — See my

A

driv - ers roll — Put your

E

head out — the win - dow, See my driv - ers roll. —

PAI  
I w  
Mr  
"Po  
"Po  
"Se  
"Po  
Lon  
Let  
He  
Go  
It v  
Go  
I so  
Pol  
She  
She  
To  
She  
Lon  
You  
Mr  
"If  
Sai  
"Tr  
"Li  
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Mr  
Nu  
Dea  
"I  
"Al  
"Be  
Mr  
The  
The  
She  
Tol  
She  
The  
Sai  
"I  
"Tr  
"Go



# PART I

I woke up this morning, four o'clock,  
Mr. Kassie told the fireman, get his boiler hot.  
"Put on your water, put on your coal,  
"Put your head out the window,  
    see my drivers roll.  
"See my drivers roll,  
"Put your head out the window,  
    see my drivers roll."

Lord, some people said Mr. Kassie couldn't run,  
Let me tell you what Mr. Kassie done.  
He left Memphis, it was a quarter to nine,  
Got in Newport News, it was dinner time,  
It was dinner time,  
Got to Newport News, it was dinner time.

I sold my gin, I sold it straight  
Police run me to my woman's gate.  
She come to the door and she nod her head,  
She made me welcome to the foldin' bed,  
To the foldin' bed,  
She made me welcome to the foldin' bed.

Lord, people said to Kassie you run over time,  
You gonna have collision with the one-o-nine.  
Mr. Kassie said with a pain in mind:  
"If I run any closer, I'll make my time."

Said "All the passengers  
    better keep themselves hid,  
"I'm natural gonna shake it like Chaney did,  
"Like Chaney did,  
"I'm natural gonna shake it like Chaney did.

Mr. Kassie run within a mile of the place,  
Number Four stabbed him in the face.  
Death told Kassie: "Well, you must leave town,  
"I believe to my soul I'm Alabama bound,  
"Alabama bound,  
"Believe to my soul I'm Alabama bound."

Mrs. Kassie said she dreamt a dream,  
The night she bought a sewin' machine.  
The needle got broke and she could not sew  
She loved Mr. Kassie cause she told me so,  
Told me so,  
She loved Mr. Kassie cause she told me so.

There was a woman named Miss Alice Frye,  
Said: "I'm gonna ride Mr. Kassie 'fore I die.  
"I ain't good lookin' but I take my time,  
"I'm a ramblin' woman with a ramblin' mind  
"Got a ramblin' mind."

# PART II

Kassie looked at his water, the water was low  
Looked at his watch, his watch was slow.  
On the road again,  
Natural born easeman on the road again.

Lord, the people tell about and start to moan,  
They looked to find Mr. Kassie Jones.  
Mr. Kassie Jones.

Mr. Kassie said before he died,  
One more road and he wants to ride.  
People tell Kassie: "Which road is he?"  
The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe,  
The Santa Fe.

This mornin' I heard from him one more time,  
Mrs. Kassie tell on his own death cryin':  
"Mama, oh mama, I can't keep from cryin'  
"Papa got killed on the Southern line,  
"On the Southern line,  
"Papa got killed on the Southern line."

"Mama, oh mama, how can it be,  
"Kill my father on the first degree?"  
"Children, children, won't you hold your breath,  
"Draw another pension from your father's  
    death,  
"From your father's death."

On the road again,  
I'm a natural born easeman on the road again.

Tuesday mornin' it looked like rain,  
Around the curve came a passenger train,  
Under the boiler lay Kassie Jones  
A good old engineer but he's dead and gone.  
Dead and gone.

On the road again,  
I'm a natural born easeman on the road again.

I left Memphis to spread the news,  
Memphis women don't wear no shoes.  
Had it written in the back of my shirt,  
A natural born easeman don't have to work.  
Don't have to work,  
I'm a natural born easeman, don't have to work.

# Down On Penny's Farm

The Bently Boys recorded *Down on Penny's Farm* back in 1929, with banjo and guitar. In 1934, it was recorded for Victor by Gid Tanner and Riley Puckett, and titled, *On Tanner's Farm*. This was re-issued on *Smokey Mountain Ballads* in RCA's Vintage Series (LPV-507).

Pete Seeger learned this song from Alan Lomax, who had rescued it from Columbia's out-of-print file and included it in *Our Singing Country* in 1941. Pete included it in his first solo record, *Darling Corey* (Folkways FP 3), in 1950.

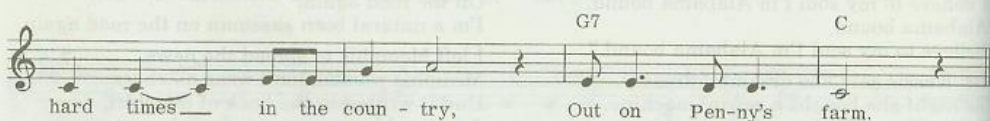
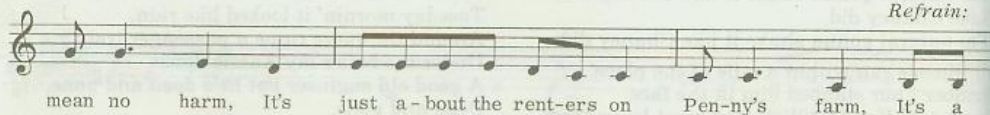
Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\begin{matrix} \text{T} \\ \text{I} \\ \text{M} \\ \text{R} \end{matrix}$

$\text{♩} = 112$

Verse:



Refrain:



Come you ladies and gentlemen, listen to my song,  
Sing it to you right, but you might think it's wrong.  
May make you mad, but I mean no harm,  
It's just about the renters on Penny's Farm.

Refrain:

It's hard times in the country, out on Penny's Farm.

You move out on Penny's Farm,  
Plant a little crop of 'bacco, and a little crop of corn.  
Come around and see, gonna plid and plod,  
Till you get yourself a mortgage on everything you got.



*Refrain*

Hadn't George Penny got a flatterin' mouth?  
Move you to the country in a little log house,  
Got no windows but cracks in the wall.  
He'll work you all summer and he'll rob you in the fall.

*Refrain*

You go in the fields, and you will work all day,  
Way after night, but you get no pay.  
Promise you meat or a little bucket of lard.  
It's hard to be a renter on Penny's Farm.

*Refrain*

Now here's George Penny come into town  
With a wagon load of peaches, and not one of them sound.  
He's got to have his money or somebody's check.  
Pay him for a bushel and you don't get a peck.

*Refrain*

George's Penny's renters, they'll come into town  
With their hands in their pockets and their heads a-hanging down.  
Go in the store and the merchant would say:  
"Your mortgage is due and I'm looking for my pay."

*Refrain*

Down in the pocket with a tremblin' hand,  
"Can't pay you all, but I'll pay you what I can."  
Then to the telephone, the merchant'll make a call  
Put you on the chain gang if you don't pay it all.

*Refrain*



# Got The Farm Land Blues



The Carolina Tar Heels recorded *Got The Farm Land Blues* for Victor in 1932. Tom Ashley's remarkable up-quick phrasing made this one of the "greats" of the Anthology. It was the only "white blues" from the Anthology to be included in Jerry Silverman's *Folk Blues* (New York, MacMillan, 1958).

It is interesting to contrast *Got The Farm Land Blues* with Dave McCarn's *Serves Them Fine* recorded by the New Lost City Ramblers on their *Songs From the Great Depression* (Folkways FA 5264). The two back-to-back might serve as a thumb nail singing documentary of the rural exodus to the cities.

*Now people in the year nineteen and twenty,  
The mills run good everybody had plenty;  
Lots of people with a good free will*

*Sold their homes and move to the mill.  
"We'll have lots of money" they said,  
But everybody got hell instead.  
It's fun in the mountains a-rolling logs,  
But now when the whistle blows we run like dogs.  
It suits us people and it serves them fine  
For thinking that the mill was a darn gold mine.*

Full text of *Serves Them Fine* is in *New Lost City Rambler Songbook*, Oak.

In 1962, Archie Green and Eugene Earle recorded the Carolina Tar Heels minus Tom Ashley but joined by Dock Walsh's son Drake and Garley Foster for Folk-Legacy (FSA-24). The great spirit and the bird sounds are still there.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \quad \text{♩} \quad \text{♩}$  T BR The meter changes are irregular, but for the most part the song stays in a steady 2.

$\text{♩} = 168$

[A] ----- [B] -----

C

I woke up this morn-in' be-tween one and two

F

Woke up this morn - in' be-tween

C G7

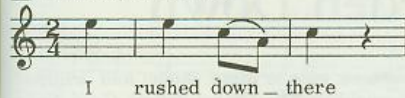
one and two. Heard a chick - en squall-in'

C

down at my chick-en roost.



**A** Variant for Verse 2



**B** Variant for Verse 2



logs.

nine.

mbler

e re-

y but

oster

d the

s in a

7



en



I woke up this mornin' between one and two (2X)  
 Heard a chicken squallin' down at my chicken roost.  
 I rushed down there, was a little too late. (2X)  
 Thief had got my chickens and made his get-away.  
 Went out to my corn crib to get some corn. (2X)  
 Thief had broken into the corn crib, took away every ear of my corn.  
 Went to get my car for to go get the sheriff. (2X)  
 Thief had took every tire right off my car.

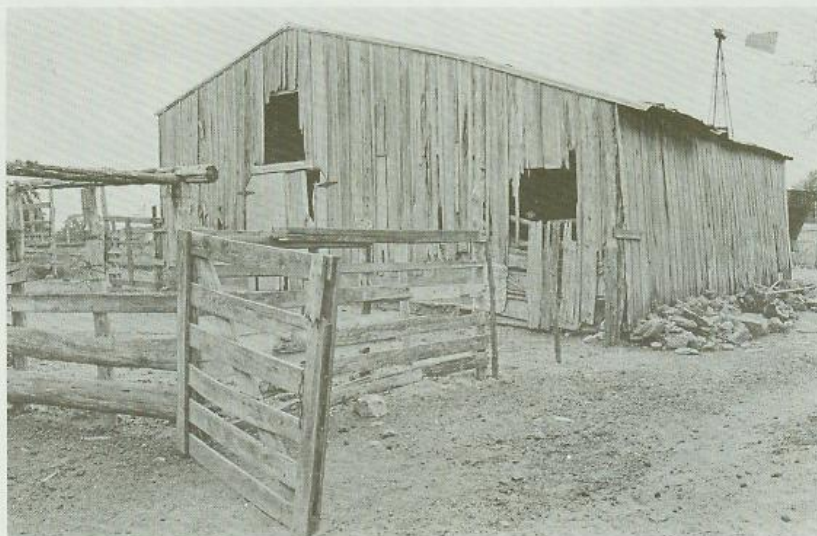
*Spoken:*

Hard luck!

Well along come a storm, tore down my corn,  
 Along come a storm, tore down my corn . . .

*Chanted:*

While the thief in the bean patch, eatin' up the beans,  
 Boll Weevil in the cotton, he tearin' up the bolls.  
 Got the farm land blues, got the farm land blues right now. (2X)  
 Not another furrow will I plow.  
 Gonna sell my farm, gonna move to town. (2X)  
 Got the farm land blues right now.



# Since I Laid My Burden Down

While country music and rhythm-and-blues have moved into Top 40 territory, Gospel music has, on the whole, developed on a separate path. Gospel recordings have their own characteristics—the 45-rpm single with one slow side and one fast side, the album with strong religious content in its notes.

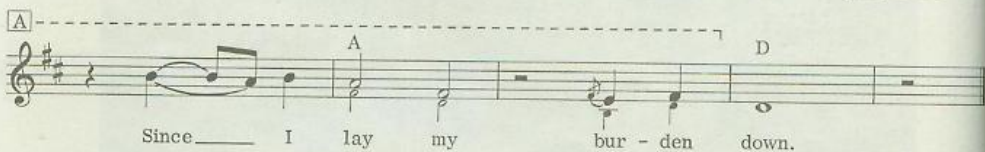
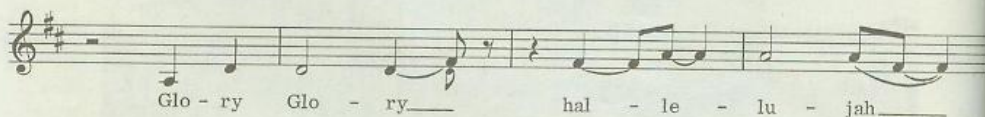
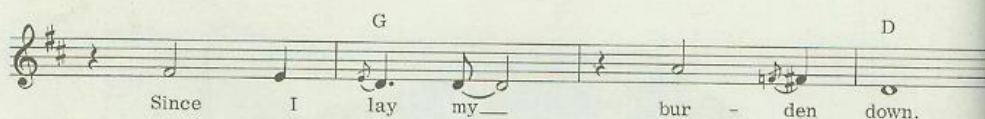
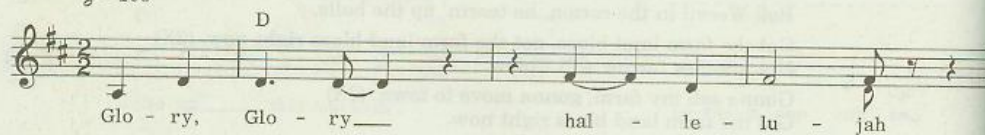
Unfortunately, we have not come across any published studies concentrating on Gospel singers and the Gospel record industry, to do for Gospel music what Sam Charters' *The Country Blues* (Rhinehart & Co., 1959), Paul Oliver's *Blues Fell This Morning* (Collier, 1960, 1963) and Charles Keil's *Urban Blues* (University of Chicago Press, 1966), have done for blues, and what Bill C. Malone's *Country Music USA* (Austin, University of Texas Press) has done for country and Nashville music.

As this book goes to press, Simon and Schuster is about to publish *The Gospel Sound: Good News and Bad Times*, by Tony Heilbut. We hope that it will fill in the deep gaps of understanding and information concerning the Gospel field.

Concerning *Since I Laid My Burden Down*, we know only that it was recorded in 1929 for Okeh by "Elders McIntorsh and Edwards (assisted by Sisters Johnson and Taylor) Sanctified Singers." Harry Smith believed that "Edler" McIntorsh is most likely Lonnie McIntorsh, who recorded for Victor in 1928. Unfortunately, we have no information regarding the lives, backgrounds, or attitudes of these artists, who sang as well as, or better than, anyone else on the Anthology.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ ♩}$   
T BR

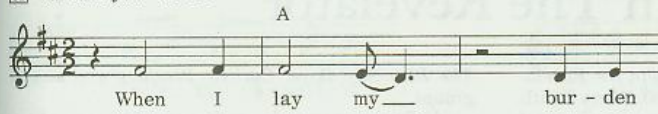
$\text{♩} = 108$



Cho  
Glor  
Sinc  
Spol  
Glor  
Sinc  
Spol  
Well  
Whe  
Spol  
Well  
Whe  
Spol



**A** Variant for Verse



**Chorus:**

Glory, glory hallelujah  
Since I laid my burden down

*Spoken:* Glory

Glory, glory hallelujah,  
Since I laid my burden down.

*Spoken:* Glory

Well, my troubles will be over  
When I lay my burden down.

*Spoken:* Glory

Well, my troubles will be over  
When I lay my burden down.

*Spoken:* Glory

**Chorus**

All my sickness will be over (2X)  
When I lay my burden down.

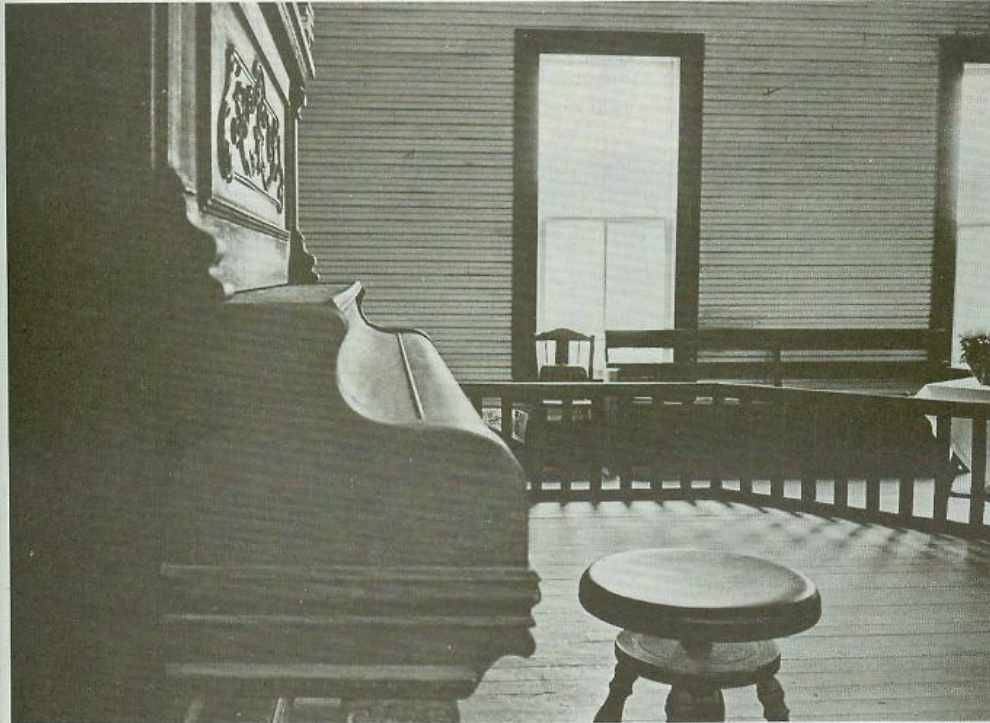
**Chorus**

All my troubles will be over (2X)  
When I lay my burden down.

**Chorus (3X)**

All my sickness will be over (2X)  
When I lay my burden down.

**Chorus**



# John The Revelator

Blind Willie Johnson recorded *John the Revelator* as a vocal duet for Columbia in 1930. Harry Smith writes of Blind Willie Johnson as "the most influential of all religious singers (pre-World War II). Many of the tunes he first recorded in the 1920's were later recorded during the 1930's by the Carter Family,

*The Blue Sky Boys, Carlisle Brothers and similar groups."*

Folkways reissued a collection of his recordings made between 1927-1930, edited by Sam Charters which included some fine examples of "knife guitar." Blind Willie Johnson (RBF 10), song texts included

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩}$   
T U BR U

Chorus:  $\text{♩} = 132$  [A] E

1st Voice: Well, who's that a-writ-in' (John the Rev-e-la-tor)  
what's John a-writ-in' ('Bout the Rev-e-la-tor)

2nd Voice:

[B] 1st Voice: Who's that a-writ-in' (John the Rev-e-la-tor) Who's that a-writ-in' (John  
What's John a-writ-in' ('Bout the Rev-e-la-tor) What's John a-writ-in' ('Bout

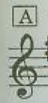
2nd Voice:

1. the Rev-e-la-tor) A book of the sev-en seals. Oh, tell me  
the Rev-e-la-tor)

2. Verse: Well, a - whoa ooa Babe thou-sand cried a ho - ly

moun-tain of bal - sam, son of our God, Daugh-ter of Zi - on

D. S. Ju-dah the li - on, the Re-deem-er said He bought us with the blood, A - tell me



Well  
John  
Who  
John  
Who  
John  
A b  
Wha  
'Bot  
Wha  
'Bot  
Wha  
'Bot  
A b  
Cha  
Wel  
The  
"So  
"Th



[A] *Variant*



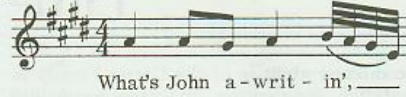
Well, who's that a-writin'?  
John the Revelator.  
Who's that a-writin'?  
John the Revelator.  
Who's that a-writin'?  
John the Revelator  
A book of the seven seals.

What's John a-writin'?  
'Bout the Revelator.  
What's John a-writin'?  
'Bout the Revelator.  
What's John a-writin'?  
'Bout the Revelator,  
A book of the seven seals.

*Chanted:*

Well, whoa-ooa Babe  
Thousand cried, "A-holy, mountain of balsom,  
"Son of our God, Daughter of Zion,  
Judah the Lion,  
"The Redeemer said He bought us with the  
blood."

[B] *Variant*



Tell me, who's that writin'?, etc.  
Well, what's John a-writin'? etc.

*Chanted:*

Well, John the Revelator, straight advocator,  
Catch 'em on the battle of Zion,  
Oh tell them the story, right in  
the glory of God,  
Lord, to so love Him from high.

Tell me, who's that a-writin', etc.  
Well, what's John a-writin'? etc.

*Chanted:*

Well, Moses to Moses, watching the flock,  
Saw the bush, where they had to stop.  
God told Moses, pull off his shoes,  
"Out of the flock, well you are Jews."

Tell me, who's that writin'? etc.  
Well, what's John a-writin'? etc.

*Repeat first chant*

Who's that a'writin'? etc.



# Little Moses

The combined abilities of the Carter Family in instrumentation, songwriting, and vocal harmonies had no equal in recorded country music. Their influence continues both in the city revival and among country musicians, although those still active professionally in the Nashville scene are allotted a secondary role on the Johnny Cash show.

The original Carter Family recorded approxi-

mately three hundred sides for various record companies in the 1920's and 30's. Usually, Sara sang lead, Maybelle alto and Alvin Pleasant bass. *Little Moses* became a revival country "standard" as the Anthology entered into such diverse repertoires as Joan Baez, the Ramblers, and the Pennywhistlers. The Carter Family recorded *Little Moses* for Victor in 1932.

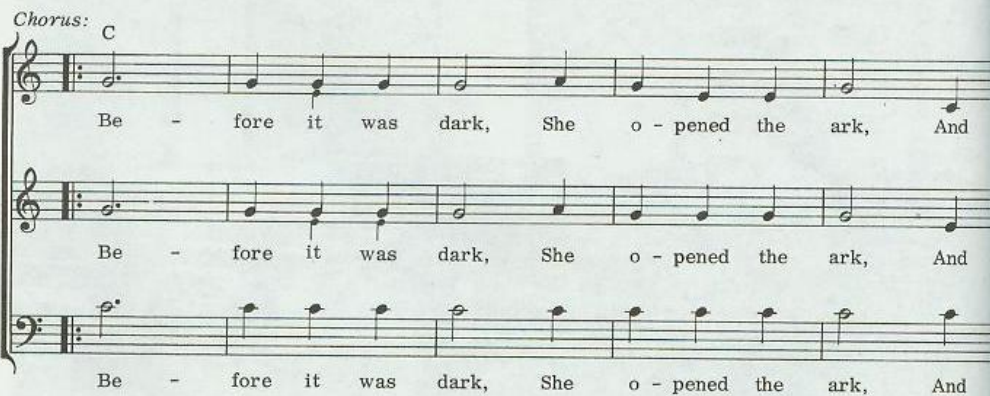
Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$  and  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   
 $\text{♩}$  = 72 T BR BR T BR U BR U

A. P. Carter



A - way by the riv - er so clear, The la - dies were  
 wind - ing their way, And Pha - roah's lit - tle daugh - ter stepped  
 down in the wa - ter, To bathe in the cool of the day.

Chorus: C



Be - fore it was dark, She o - pened the ark, And  
 Be - fore it was dark, She o - pened the ark, And  
 Be - fore it was dark, She o - pened the ark, And

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1

G7

1. C

2. C

found the sweet in-fant was there. there.

found the sweet in-fant was there. there.

found the sweet in-fant was there. there.

Away by the river so clear,  
The ladies were winding their way;  
And Pharaoh's little daughter stepped down in the water  
To bathe in the cool of the day.  
Before it was dark she opened the ark (2X)  
And found the sweet infant was there.

And away by the waters so blue,  
The infant was lonely and sad.  
She took him in pity and thought him so pretty,  
And it made little Moses so glad.  
She called him her own, her beautiful son, (2X)  
And sent for a nurse that was near.

And away by the river so clear,  
They carried the beautiful child  
To his own tender mother, his sister and brother  
Little Moses looked happy and smiled.  
His mother so good done all that she could (2X)  
To rear him and teach him with care.

And away by the sea that was red,  
Little Moses the servant of God,  
While in him confided, the sea was divided,  
And upward he lifted his rod.  
The Jews stepped across while Pharaoh's host (2X)  
Was drowned in the waters and lost.

And away on the mountains so high,  
The last one that ever might see,  
While in Him victorious; his hope was most glorious,  
He would soon o'er Jordan be free.  
When his labor did cease, he departed in peace, (2X)  
And rested in the heavens above.

# Shine On Me

The device of stepping up the beat after singing several verses slowly was, according to Harry Smith, first recorded by Blind Willie Johnson, who also recorded a version of *Shine on Me* for Columbia. The version included in the Anthology is by Ernest Phipps and his Holiness Singers, recorded in 1930 for Bluebird. This tune is close to *Amazing Grace*.

Some great examples of the syncopated singing of the last verses can be found in the singing of the black congregations of the Sea Islands. The Moving Star Hall Church congregation was recorded by Guy Carawan and is well worth listening to (*Been In The Storm So Long*, Folkways FS 3842).

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$  T BR BR  
Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$  (for the final chorus) T BR

$\text{♩} = 116$

**Verse:** E A E

Must Je - sus bear the cross I own, And all the world go

B7 E A

free, And bear that cross for ev - 'ry - one And bear that

B7 E **Chorus:** A E

cross for me. Oh, shine on me, Oh, shine on me, Let the

B7 E

light from the light-house shine on me Oh, shine on me, Oh,

A E B7 E

shine on me. Let the light from the light-house shine on me.



Variant for Final Chorus

$\text{♩} = 138$

Oh, shine on me, Lord, shine on me, Let the light from the

light-house shine on me. Oh, shine on me, Lord, shine on

me. Let the light from the light-house shine on me.

Must Jesus bear the cross I own  
And all the world go free,  
And bear that cross for everyone  
And bear that cross for me?

Chorus:

Oh, shine on me, oh, shine on me,  
Let the light from the lighthouse shine on me.  
Oh, shine on me, oh, shine on me,  
Let the light from the lighthouse shine on me.

(Second verse is unintelligible.)

Chorus

Chorus

(Sing twice in double time syncopated)

(Third verse is unintelligible.)

Chorus



Clarence Ashley

cl  
A  
b  
s  
A  
C  
g

B

1  
1

1  
1

1  
1

1  
1

1  
1

1  
1



# The Coo Coo Bird

More than any other song, *The Coo Coo Bird* is closely associated with the late Clarence "Tom" Ashley. He recorded it first as a solo with five string banjo for Columbia in 1929. His second recorded version which appears on *Old Time Music At Clarence Ashley's Vol. II*, was made at the University of Chicago Folk Festival, with Doc Watson's superb guitar line filling the accents for the separate phrases.

Ralph Rinzler wrote in the notes that Ashley's version captures both folk meanings of the cuckoo, a sign of spring or warm weather, (*the Fourth Day of July*), and the implication of being cuckolded (*Jack of Diamonds robs pockets of my silver and of my gold*). Kelly Harrell recorded *The Coo Coo* for Victor and Rinzler lists eleven versions in Library of Congress Archive Recordings.



Banjo figure per = (Claw hammer)

(Double thumbing)

The accompaniment is melodic. (see page 7)

$\text{♩} = 152$

Gon - na build me — log cab-in, — On a moun-tain — so high. So

I can — see Wil - lie, — As he goes — on — by.

Gonna build me log cabin  
On a mountain so high  
So I can see Willie  
As he goes on by.

*Hums through verse*

Oh, the Coo Coo is a pretty bird,  
She wobbles as she flies.  
She never hollers "coo coo"  
'Til the fourth day of July.

I've played cards in England,  
I've played cards in Spain.  
I'll bet you ten dollars  
I'll beat you next game.

Jack of diamonds, jack of diamonds  
I've known you from old.  
Now you robbed my poor pockets,  
Of my silver and my gold.

*Hums through verse*

*Repeats third verse*

*Repeats second verse*

# East Virginia

*East Virginia* was mis-represented by the tasteless, artificial renditions during the girl-folksinger craze of the 1960's. But *East Virginia* was popular with city audiences long before folk music became commercial. Woody Guthrie sang various versions, and it was one of Pete Seeger's most effective traditional songs (*Darling Corey*). Jim Garland's moving adaptation, *I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister* was sung frequently by the Almanacs (*Talking Union*, Folkways,

FH 5285). Texts of both appeared in *The People's Songbook* (first edition, 1948, now an Oak reprint).

This song is one of those most recorded by mountain singers. In addition to this version by Buell Kazee, recorded in 1929 on Brunswick, Emery Arthur, the Carter Family, Clarence Ashley, Kelly Harrell and the Morris Brothers all recorded it in the late twenties and early thirties.



Basic Chord



Banjo figure per ♩ = (Claw hammer)

There is no regular pattern to the meter changes.

♩ = 152

[A] —————

Lord, when I left \_\_\_\_\_ old \_\_\_\_\_ East \_\_\_\_\_

Vir - gin - ia, North Ca - ro - li - na I \_\_\_\_\_ did

roam. \_\_\_\_\_ There I

[B] —————

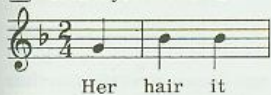
court - ed a fair \_\_\_\_\_ young la - dy, What

[C] —————

was her name \_\_\_\_\_ I did \_\_\_\_\_ not know. \_\_\_\_\_



**A** Variant for Verse 2



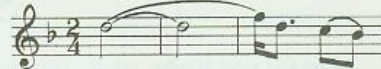
Her hair it

**B** Variant for Verse 3



would \_ not

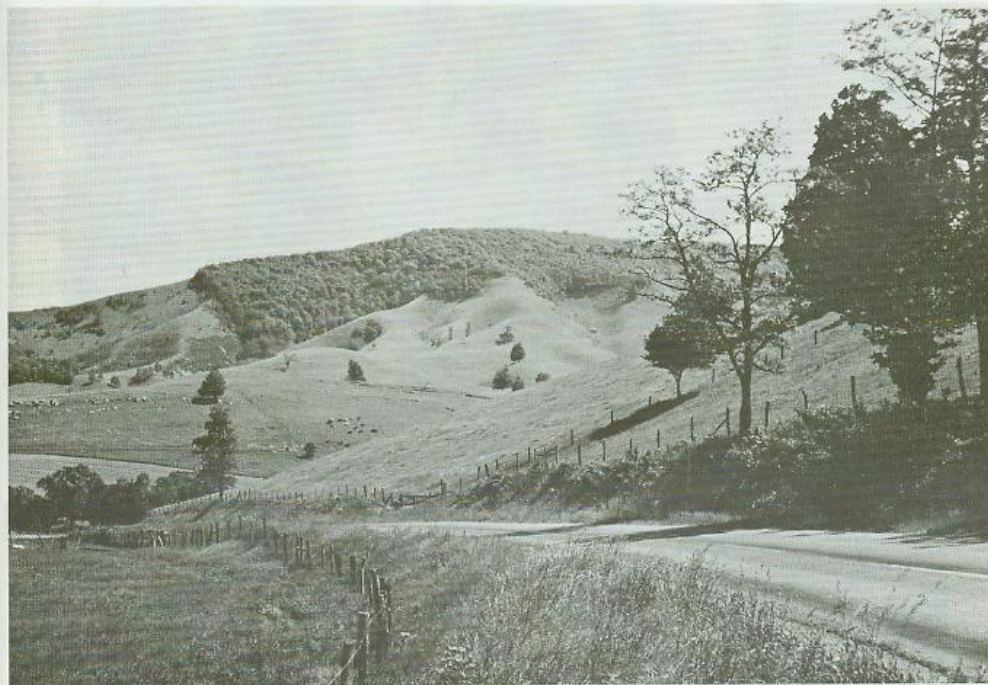
**C** Variant for Verse 2



wore \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ a rib -

Lord, when I left old East Virginia,  
North Carolina I did roam.  
There I courted a fair young lady,  
What was her name I did not know.  
Her hair it was of a dark brown curly,  
Her cheeks, they were a rosy red,  
Upon her breast she wore a ribbon,  
Oh, don't I wish that I was dead.  
Her Papa said that we might marry.  
Her mama said it would not do.  
Oh, come here dear and I will tell you,  
I will tell you what I'll do.

"Some dark night we'll take a ramble.  
"I will run away with you."  
For I'd rather be in some dark hollow,  
Where the sun refused to shine,  
As for you to be some other man's woman  
Never on earth to call you mine.






# Sugar Baby

This bitter song is much more explicit than the versions of *Red Rocking Chair* or *Red Apple Juice* popular in the South and the cities. There appears to be more narrative continuity in Dock Bogg's version recorded with Hugh Mahaffy on guitar for Brunswick in 1928 than in the emotive combination of scat-

tered lyrics that Harry and Jeanie West sang on their out of print Stinson recording *Southern Mountain Folk Songs* (SLP 36).

Ola Belle Reed used a variation of this tune for her *Honey, You Led Me To The Wrong*.

Banjo tuning  Banjo figure per  = 

$\text{♩} = 138$

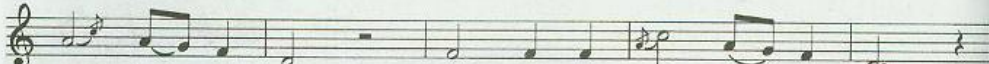
Refrain:


Use the melody of verse 2 for the additional verses. The accompaniment is melodic. (see page 7)

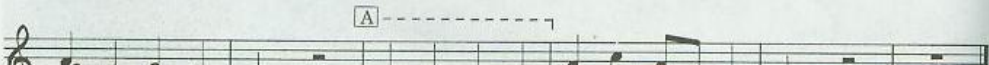
  
Oh, I got no su - gar ba - by now.

Verse:

  
It's all I can do, fuss, eat, sleep with you, And I can't get a -

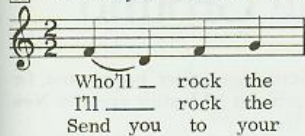
  
long this a - way. Can't get a - long this a - way.

  
2. It's all I can do, I said all I can say, I will send you to your

  
ma - ma next pay - day. Send you to your ma - ma next pay - day.



**A** Variants for Verses 4. 5. 6.



Oh, I got no sugar baby now.

It's all I can do, fuss, eat, sleep with you,  
And I can't get along this a-way,  
Can't get along this a-way.  
It's all I can do, I said all I can say,  
"I will send you to your mama next payday  
Send you to your mama next payday."

Got no use for a red rocking chair,  
I've got no honey baby now,  
got no sugar baby now.

Who'll rock that cradle, who'll sing the song,  
Who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone?  
Who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone?  
I'll rock the cradle, I'll sing the song,  
I'll rock the cradle when you're gone.  
I'll rock the cradle when you're gone.

It's all I can do, it's all I can say,  
"I will send you to your mama next payday."

Live in the shade, give her every dime I made,  
What more could a poor boy do,  
what more could a poor boy do?

Oh, I've got no honey baby now,  
got no sugar baby now.

Said all I can say, done all I can do,  
And I can't make a living with you,  
Can't make a living with you.



Dock Boggs

# I Wish I Was A Mole In The Ground

Bascom Lamar Lunsford, the singing lawyer of the Smokey Mountains and the founder of the Asheville Folk Festival, recorded this remarkable bit of mountain poetry three times, first for Okeh, then for Brunswick in 1928, and most recently for Folkways in his solo album, *Smokey Mountain Ballads* (FA2040) in 1953.

Lunsford is a fascinating man whose background includes a marathon seven-day recording session for the Library of Congress. He is reluctant to come North to sing because, as he candidly admits, he wants nothing to do with "reds", Jews, or black people. According to Ken Goldstein's notes for Lunsford's Riverside recording, *Minstrel of the Appalachians*, (RLP 12-645), his wide range of experience includes working as an auctioneer, college instructor, politi-

cian, editor of a country newspaper, lawyer and, for a short time, a Department of Justice agent in New York, during World War I.

Unlike some of his colleagues, Lunsford appears to take a special pride in exhibiting his racist and anti-semitic attitudes. The overt racism in much Southern music was overlooked for it was the excitement, poetry and rebellion in white country music which appealed to the city revival. Perhaps with the Kerner Commission report and Dick Gregory's jibe that everyone's a racist we can start understanding those folk traditions not as distant judges but as individuals who share, assimilated to certain extent within our own ethnic traditions, the United States' singular history of slavery and repression of black people.



Banjo figure per ♩ = (Claw hammer)

The actual pitch on the recording was Eb, but the relative banjo tuning is the same. There is no regular pattern to the meter changes, though they are fairly similar throughout. The accompaniment is melodic. (see page 7)

♩ = 132

**A** C

I wish I was a mole in the ground,

Yes, I wish I was a mole in the ground.

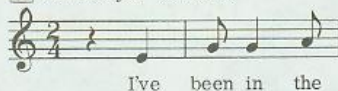
**B** **C**

If it's a mole in the ground I'd root that moun-tain

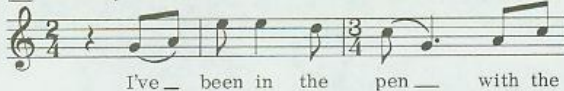
down, And I wish I was a mole in the ground.



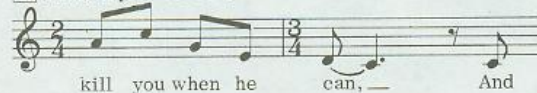
**A** Variant for Verse 3



**B** Variant for Verse 3



**C** Variant for Verse 4



I wish I was a mole in the ground,  
 Yes, I wish I was a mole in the ground.  
 If I's a mole in the ground,  
     I'd root that mountain down,  
 And I wish I was a mole in the ground.  
 Well, Kimpy wants a nine-dollar shawl,  
 Yes, Kimpy wants a nine-dollar shawl.  
 When I come over the hill  
     with a forty-dollar bill,  
 'Tis, baby where you been so long?  
 I've been in the pen so long.  
 Yes, I've been in the pen so long.  
 I've been in the pen  
     with the rough and rowdy men  
 'Tis, baby where you been so long?  
 Oh, I don't like a railroad man,  
 No, I don't like a railroad man,  
 A railroad man  
     will kill you when he can,  
 And drink up your blood like wine.

Oh, I wish I was a lizard in the spring,  
 Yes I wish I was a lizard in the spring,  
 If I's a lizard in the spring,  
     I'd hear my darling sing,  
 And I wish I was a lizard in the spring.  
 Oh, Kimpy, let your hair roll down,  
 Kimpy, let your hair roll down,  
 Let your hair roll down  
     and your bangs curl round,  
 Oh Kimpy, let your hair roll down.  
 I wish I was a mole in the ground,  
 Yes, I wish I was a mole in the ground,  
 If I's a mole in the ground,  
     I'd root that mountain down,  
 And I wish I was a mole in the ground.



Sara Carter



# Single Girl, Married Girl

The Carter Family recorded *Single Girl* at their first session for Victor, in April, 1927, at Maces Spring, Va. This simple, forceful statement might have come from the pen of Kate Millet, but it is a long-established theme in country music (*When I*

*was Single, Lord, I Wish I Was A Single Girl Again*, etc.)

Peggy Seeger, an extremely popular singer of traditional songs in the city revival of the 1950's, recorded four such songs on *Songs of Courting and Complaint* for Folkways in 1955 (Folkways FA 2049).

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$  and  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   
T BR U T U BR U

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a C major chord, followed by a G7 chord, and ends with a C major chord. The lyrics are: "Sin - gle girl, sin - gle girl, She's go-in' dressed so fine, —". The second staff begins with a G7 chord, followed by a C major chord. The lyrics are: "— Oh, — She's go - in' dressed so fine. —". The third staff begins with a C major chord, followed by a G7 chord. The lyrics are: "Mar-ried girl, — a mar-ried girl, — She wears just an - y —". The fourth staff begins with a C major chord, followed by a G7 chord, and ends with a C major chord. The lyrics are: "kind, — Oh, — She wears just an - y kind. —".

Single girl, single girl, she's goin' dressed so fine,  
Oh, she's goin' dressed so fine.  
Married girl, a married girl, she wears just any kind,  
Oh, she wears just any kind.

Single girl, single girl, she goes to the store and buys,  
Oh, she goes to the store and buys.  
Married girl, married girl, she rocks the cradle and cries.  
Oh, she rocks the cradle and cries.

Single girl, single girl, she's going where she please,  
Oh, she's going where she please.  
Married girl, married girl, baby on her knee,  
Oh, baby on her knee.

# Le Vieux Soulard Et Sa Femme (The Old Drunkard and His Wife)

Long before the advent of Cajun-rock, and before Doug Kershaw popularized some limited aspects of Acadian music in the cities, the Anthology included a healthy sampling of this tough, vital segment of non-English Americana.

This spirited rendition was recorded by Joe Falcon and his wife Clemo Breaux for Columbia in 1928. By the time Mrs. Falcon died in the late 1940's, they had recorded over 150 songs together. Peter Stampfel used this tune for *Rompin' Through The Swamp*, which was recorded by Dave Van Ronk and the Hudson Dusters (Verve-Forecast FT 3041.)

Acadian music like this has its own life, its own

traditions, and its own French-language radio stations in Louisiana and East Texas. Swallow Records (Box 506, Dept. B. B., Ville Platte, La 70586) specializes in both the current Cajun-rock popularized by Doug Kershaw, and the fine old-style Cajun band, the Balfa Freres.

*The American Folk Music Occasional #2*, edited by Chris Strachwitz, contains an excellent series of articles on the Acadians and their music (Oak, 1970). Strachwitz's record companies, Old Timey and Arhoolie, have issued a wide variety of Acadian and Zydeco music—including a collection of Joe Falcon's recent recordings.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \quad \text{♩}$   
T BR

$\text{♩} = 138$   
C

You-c-que t'es par - ti? Dis mon bon vieux ma - ri, Et you que t'es par - ti?

ti? Toi qui veux faire ma mort, Et you que t'es par - ti? Dis mon

bon vieux ma - ri, Qu'il est l'meill - eur bu - veur du pa - ys?

## CAJUN

You-c-que t'es parti?  
Dis mon bon vieux mari,  
Et you que t'es parti?  
Toi qui veux faire ma mort  
Et you que t'es parti  
Dis mon bon vieux mari  
Qu'il est l'meilleur buveur du pays?

*Spoken:*

J'suis parti au cafe!

## ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Where are you going?  
My good husband.  
Where are you going,  
You, who'll be the death of me?  
Where are you going, my good old man,  
the biggest drunk of the countryside?

*Spoken:*

I'm going to the cafe!



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Quoi t'es parti faire?  
Dis mon bon vieux mari,  
Et quoi t'es parti faire  
Toi qui veux faire ma mort?  
Et quoi t'es parti faire  
Qu'il est l'meilleur buveur du pays?

*Spoken:*

J'suis parti m'saouler!  
Et quand tu t'en reviens, etc.?

*Spoken:*

Oh d'main ou aut' jour!  
Quoi to veux j'fais cuire, etc.?

*Spoken:*

Cuis moi cinq douzaines d'oeufs,  
puis un gallon d'couscous!

Ca, ca va te tuer, etc.?

*Spoken:*

Oh, c'est pas qu'j'veux mourir quand meme.  
Et you qu'tu veux qu'j'enterre, etc.?

*Spoken:*

Enterr' moi dans l'coin d'la ch'minee;  
tu l'eteins un peu avant, autrement, elle va  
et'chaude!

French words transcribed by Alain Papeneau.

What are you going to do there?  
My good husband,  
What are you going to do there,  
You, who'll be the death of me?  
What are you going to do there, my good old  
man, the biggest drunk of the countryside?

*Spoken:*

I'm gonna get drunk!  
When'll you come back?, etc.

*Spoken:*

Oh tomorrow or another day!  
What do you want me to cook for you?, etc.

*Spoken:*

Cook me five dozen eggs and a gallon  
of couscous!

What, that'll kill you! etc.

*Spoken:*

Well, maybe I want to die anyway!  
Then where do you want me to bury you? etc.

*Spoken:*

Bury me in the chimney corner, but put it out  
a little before or else it'll be hot!



# Country Blues

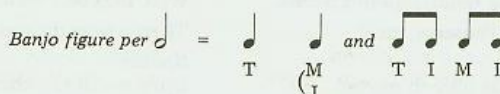
The explosive emotions of Moran Lee "Dock" Boggs were captured on *Country Blues*, originally recorded for Brunswick in 1928. It is a rough and tumble song that catches the unsuspecting listener in a circle of energy. Dock's banjo style is completely his own, and amazed those who listened to it over and over again on the Anthology trying to figure out what he was doing.

In 1963, Mike Seeger and family went looking for and found "Dock" Boggs in Norton, Virginia. Since that time, Mike has recorded three albums of Dock which go deeply into this important musician's repertoire, *Dock Boggs, Volumes I, II, III*, (Folkways FA 2351, 2392, and Asch 3903). The thorough notes to these albums discuss both style (Ralph Rinzler) and the man (Mike Seeger). There are many comments

by Dock Boggs himself on his associates, the songs and his thoughts on music.

Dock Boggs wrote in his autobiographical article *I Always Lived the Lonesome Songs* (Sing Out! Vol. 14, #3, July, 1964):

*When Mike Seeger found me, he asked if I would like to play again. I told him it had been my heart's desire to put my old songs on records so the younger generation could learn them if they wanted to. When I quit before, my wife thought it more honorable to work in the mines at hard manual labor than to play music. So I let a friend of mine have my banjo. He was a single man then, and when I retired from the mines and went to get my banjo back 25 years later, he was a grandfather.*



*Dock Boggs' rendition of "Country Blues" is a classic. There is barely one bar of music that is sung the same way from verse to verse, and for that reason I have limited the number of variants to those that are substantially different from the first verse. The accompaniment is melodic. (see page 7)*

$\text{♩} = 148$

Come all you good-time people

While I've got money to spend.

To-morrow might mean money, And I

neither have a dollar or a friend.



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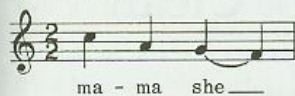
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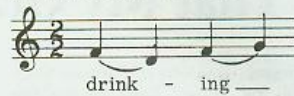
I



[A] Variant for Verse 4



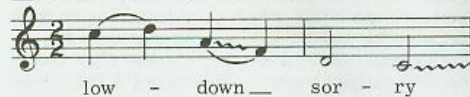
[B] Variant for Verse 3



[C] Variant for Verse 2



[D] Variant for Verse 3



Come all you good-time people,  
While I've got money to spend.  
Tomorrow might mean money  
And I neither have a dollar nor a friend.

When I had plenty of money, good people,  
My friends were all standing around,  
Just as soon as my pocket book was empty,  
Not a friend on earth to be found.

Last time I seen my little woman, good people,  
She had a wine glass in her hand.  
She was drinking down her troubles  
With a lowdown, sorry man.

Oh, my daddy taught me a-plenty, good people,  
My mama, she told me more.  
If I didn't quit my rowdy ways,  
Have trouble at my door.

I wrote my woman a letter, good people,  
I told her I's in jail.  
She wrote me back an answer,  
Saying: "Honey, I'm a-coming to go your bail."

All around this old jailhouse is hainted,  
good people,

Forty dollars won't pay my fine.  
Corn whisky has surrounded my body,  
poor boy.

Pretty women is a-troublin' my mind.

Give me corn bread when I'm hungry,  
good people,

Corn whisky when I'm dry,  
Pretty women a-standing around me,  
Sweet heaven when I die.

If I'd a-listened to my Mama, good people,  
I wouldn't have been here today,  
But a-drinking, and a-shooting, and  
a-gambling,

At home, I cannot stay.

Go dig a hole in the meadow, good people,  
Go dig a hole in the ground.

Come around, all you good people,  
And see this poor rounder go down.

When I am dead and buried,  
My pale face turned to the sun,  
You can come around and mourn, little woman,  
And think the way you have done.

# See That My Grave Is Kept Clean

Blind Lemon Jefferson was one of Paramount's best-selling artists in the "race" field during the twenties, though he died in poverty in Chicago in 1930. *See That My Grave Is Kept Clean* was recorded in 1928.

His name was well-known in folk revival circles thanks to Josh White, who had led Blind Lemon from 1927 to 1929, and Leadbelly, who was with him in Texas around 1917. Leadbelly's *Silver City Bound* (recorded on *Last Sessions*, Folkways FA 2941), tells about their playing together on the train to Silver City:

*Silver City bound*

*I'm Silver City bound,*

*Well, I'll tell my baby I'm Silver City bound.*


*Me and Blind Lemon gonna ride on down.*

*Catch me by the hand, oh baby,*

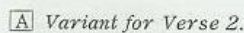
*Blind Lemon was a bline man,*

*And I led him all through he land.*

Riverside issued an album of Blind Lemon's recordings in the early 1950's, and *Jazz, Volume II* (Folkways FJ 2802) had the classic *Black Snake Moan*. With the resurgence of interest in the blues, Milestone Records has released three albums of Blind Lemon reissues (Milestone 2004, 2007, 2013).

Guitar figure per  = T BR T U BR U









Well, it's one kind favor I ask of you,  
Well, it's one kind favor I ask of you,  
Lord, it's one kind thing I'll ask of you,  
See that my grave is kept clean.

It's a long lane ain't got no end. (3X)  
It's a bad way that don' ever change.

Lord, it's two white horses in a line, (3X)  
Will take me to my buryin' ground.

My heart stopped beatin'  
and my hands got cold, (3X)  
It's a long, long story that the bible told.

Have you ever heard a coughin' sound? (3X)  
Then you know that the poor boy is in the  
ground.

Oh, dig my grave with a silver spade. (3X)  
You may lead me down with a golden chain.

Have you ever heard a church bell toll? (3X)  
Then you know that the poor boy's dead and  
gone.



# Way Down The Old Plank Road

Uncle Dave Macon recorded this song with Sam McGee for Vocalion in 1926, and it is representative of Uncle Dave's approach to such topics as life on the chain gang—a song with a fast-paced, humorous approach that had a bite to it.



Bill C. Malone wrote that Uncle Dave Macon, "The Dixie Dewdrop," was "one of the greatest five-string banjoists and most gifted entertainers in the history of the United States." Reports from all who had a chance to see him in person agree with this, and his recordings, with their jubilation, spirit, and pure laughter, bear it out.

Unfortunately, Dave Macon died in 1953, before the folk revival began bringing old time musicians to the cities. Those country performers who had come to the city, like Woody Guthrie, Aunt Molly Jackson, and Jim Garland, were closely linked to the union and

radical movements of the time, with which Macon may not have felt completely at home.

At the same time, he included many anti-establishment songs in his repertoire, some linked with radical Southern labor history, and others with the populist movement. He had also learned many of his songs from black levee workers during his youth, such as the pro-Union Civil War song, *Rock About My Saro Jane*.

The beloved Uncle Dave died at the age of 83, after thirty-five years of performing country music—most of them as a star of WSM's Grand Ole Opry. Grandpa Jones, his spiritual successor, has had great success on the Opry, on the syndicated television show *Hee Haw*, and in the city revival, where Uncle Dave, too, would surely have found a warm welcome.

Banjo figure per  = (Claw hammer) Guitar figure per  = T BR

$\text{♩} = 144$

D

Rath - er be in Rich-mond with all the hail and rain, Than -

Chorus:

— for to be in Geor - gia, boys, wear - in' that ball and chain. Won't -

(A)

— get drunk no more, Won't — get drunk no more, Won't -

(D) (A) (D)

— get drunk no more, Way down the old plank road.



Spoken:

Hot dog, buddy let's go.

Rather be in Richmond with all the hail and rain,  
Than for to be in Georgia, boys, wearin' that ball and chain.

Chorus:

Won't get drunk no more.

Won't get drunk no more.

Won't get drunk no more.

Way down the old plank road.

I went down to Mobile but I get on the gravel train,  
Very next thing they heard of me had on the ball and chain.

Chorus

Doney, oh dear Doney, what makes you treat me so?  
Caused me to wear the ball and chain, now my ankle's sore.

Chorus

Spoken:

Glory hallelujah there!

Knoxville is a pretty place, Memphis is a beauty,  
Wanta to see them pretty girls, hop to Chattanooga.

Chorus

Spoken:

Glory hallelujah there!

Fare-thee-well I'm gone!

I'm going to build me a scaffold on some mountain high,  
So I can see my Dora girl as she goes riding by.

Chorus

My wife died Friday night, Saturday she was buried,  
Sunday was my courtin' day, Monday I got married.

Chorus

Spoken:

Giddy horse there!

Eighteen pounds of meat a week whiskey here to sell,  
How can a young man stay at home pretty girls look so well.

Chorus

Spoken:

Fare you well!



Seated—Sam McGee and Uncle Dave Macon. Standing—Kirk McGee, Dr. Humphrey Bate, Dorris Macon, Humphrey Bate, Jr., Alcyon Bate and Lou Hesson.

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# Train On The Island

J. P. Nestor's *Train On The Island* has that great overdrive found in the very best banjo-fiddle combinations from the Galax, Virginia area. Nestor recorded it for Victor in 1928, and there is no further information about him.

However, the Bogtrotters, the outstanding string band of the Galax area, appears on a Biograph album

reissue of the Library of Congress recordings (RC-6003). And there is a superb rendition of *Train On The Island* by Bob Siggins, on Elektra's *String Band Project* album (EKS 7292)—a good collection of string band tunes by a variety of city people, produced by John Cohen.

Banjo figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ ♩} \text{ ♩}$  (Claw hammer) The accompaniment is melodic. (see page 7)

$\text{♩} = 176$   
G

Train on the is - land, Since I heard it squeal,  
Go tell my true love, I can't roll the wheel.  
It's I can't roll the wheel, love, It's I can't roll the wheel.

Train on the island, since I heard it squeal,  
Go tell my true love, I can't roll the wheel.  
I can't roll the wheel, love,  
it's I can't roll the wheel.

Thought he heard it blow, love,  
he thought he heard it blow.

Train on the island, since I heard it blow  
Go tell my true love sick and I can't go.  
Sick and I can't go.

And I can't roll the wheel.

Train on the island, since I've heard it squeal,  
Go tell my true love, how happy I do feel.

Thought he heard it blow, love,  
thought he heard it blow.

Train on the island, since I've heard it blow  
Go tell my true love, long as I can go  
Long as I can go.

Lord, he thought he heard it blow.

Lord, train on the island,  
since I've heard it blow  
Go tell my true love, sick and I can't go  
Sick and I can't go, love, sick and I can't go.


Thought he heard it blow, love,  
thought he heard it blow.

# Buddy Won't You Roll Down The Line

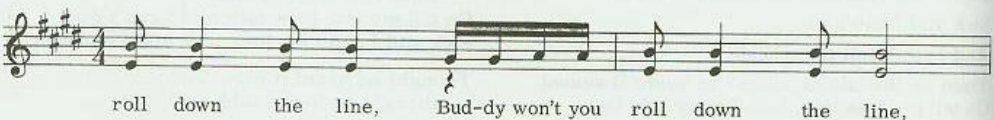
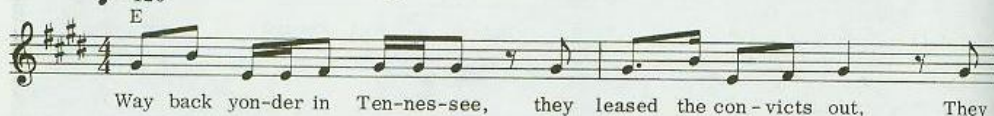
Uncle Dave Macon influenced Pete Seeger's banjo feeling and repertoire more than any other single artist. Pete not only included this and other Macon songs in his repertoire, but pursued his interest in Macon to the point of coordinating and directing a reissue of some of Macon's best recordings, *Uncle Dave Macon* (Folkways RBF-51), in 1963. A few years later, under Ralph Rinzler's direction, Decca also issued a first-rate collection of Macon classics, *Uncle Dave Macon* (Decca DL 4760).

I first heard *Buddy Won't You Roll Down the Line* coupled with Pete Steele's *Coal Creek March* in the hoots of the middle and late 1950's. The New Lost City Ramblers performed *Railroading and Rambling* in their first album.

Uncle Dave Macon recorded this story about a bitter struggle of union labor in the 1880's for Brunswick in 1930. According to Harry Smith, Macon recorded over one hundred titles between 1923 and 1938.

Banjo figure per  $\text{♩}$  =   
T I M T (M I)

$\text{♩}$  = 126





Yon-der comes my dar - lin' Com - in' down the line, Bud-dy won't you

roll down the line, Bud - dy won't you roll down the line,

Yon-der comes my dar - lin' Com - in' down the line.

*Spoken:*

A-oh, comin' up hard  
Way back yonder in Tennessee,  
They leased the convicts out,  
They worked them in the coal mines  
Against free labor stout.  
Free labor rebelled against it,  
To win it took some time,  
But while the lease was in effect,  
They made 'em rise and shine.

*Chorus:*

Buddy won't you roll down the line,  
Buddy, won't you roll down the line,  
Yonder comes my darlin' comin' down the line.  
Buddy, won't you roll down the line,  
Buddy won't you roll down the line,  
Yonder comes my darlin', comin' down the line.

Early Monday morning,  
Got 'em out on time,  
March you down to Lone Rock,  
Just to look into that mine.  
March you down to Lone Rock,  
Just to look into that hole,  
Very last word the Captain say:  
"You'd better get your pole."

*Chorus*

The beans they are half-done,  
The bread is not so well,  
The meat it is burnt up,  
And the coffee's black as heck.  
But when you get your tasks done,  
You're glad to come to call,  
For anything you get to eat,  
It tastes good done or raw.

*Chorus*

The bank boss is a hard man,  
A man you all know well,  
And if you don't get your task done,  
He's gonna give you hallelujah.  
Carry you to the stockade,  
And on the floor you'll fall,  
Very next time they call on you,  
You'd better have your pole.

*Chorus*

# Spike Driver Blues

Mississippi John Hurt recorded this evolved version of the John Henry story for Okeh in 1928. Doc Watson sings John Hurt's version using two-finger picking.

Harry Smith divides songs of this genre into two general types—the ballad (see *Gonna Die With My Hammer In My Hand*) and the hammer song (see

*Nine Pound Hammer*). *Spike Driver Blues* is an introspective hammer song; the more extroverted versions usually incorporate the phrase, "roll on, buddy." Other fine songs in the same "family" are Bascom Lunsford's *Swannoa Tunnel* (*Smokey Mountain Ballads*, Folkways FP 40) and Leadbelly's *Take This Hammer* (Capitol H369).

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$  and  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   
 T (I T M T I)  
 $\text{♩} = 108$

G (C)

Take\_ this ham - mer and car - ry it to my cap - tain,

(G)

Tell\_ him I'm gone, tell\_ him I'm gone,

A

tell\_ him I'm\_ gone. Take\_ this\_ ham - mer and

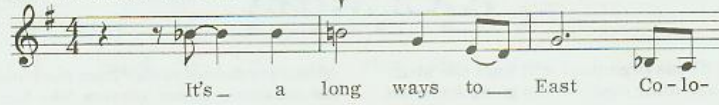
(C) (G)

car - ry it to my cap - tain, Tell him I'm gone,

just tell him I'm gone, I'm sure\_ is gone.\_



[A] Variant for Verse 4



n in-  
ver-  
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Bas-  
tain  
This

Take this hammer and carry it to my Captain.  
Tell him I'm gone,  
Tell him I'm gone,  
Tell him I'm gone.  
Take this hammer and carry it to my Captain,  
Tell him I'm gone,  
Just tell him I'm gone,  
I'm sure is gone.

This is the hammer that killed John Henry  
But it won't kill me (3X)  
This is the hammer that killed John Henry  
But it won't kill me, (2X)  
Ain't gonna kill me.

It's a long ways from East Colorado  
Honey to my home (3X)  
It's a long ways to East Colorado  
Honey to my home (2X)  
That's why I'm gone.

John Henry, he left his hammer  
Laying aside the road (3X)  
John Henry, he left his hammer  
All over in red (2X)  
That's why I'm gone.

John Henry was a steel-drivin' boy  
But he went down (3X)  
John Henry was a steel-drivin' boy  
But he went down (2X)  
That's why I'm gone.



Mississippi John Hurt

# K.C. Moan

Will "Son" Shade organized and kept the Memphis Jug Band's floating membership going for seven years. *K. C. Moan*, recorded for Victor in 1929, was one of their greatest recordings.

This was a standard among revival blues singers during the fifties and early sixties. Mark Spoelstra has a good revival version of it on his Folkways *Club 47* album (FG 8572).

Some years ago, when I was emceeing a folk music show on Amherst College radio, the Jug Band selections from the Anthology were among the traditional recordings most appreciated by the otherwise overwhelmingly disinterested audience.

In *The Country Blues*, Sam Charters described Will Shade's recruiting techniques:

*It was the night before the recording session for the band. . . . In one of the bar-rooms, Yardbird's, a man was entertaining in the back room. He played a four-string tenor guitar, using the swinging rhythms*

*of country dances rather than the blues rhythms that the six-string guitar players like Son used. . . . His name was Charlie Burse, a country musician from Decatur, Alabama.*

*Son liked his playing and singing and he asked Burse if he wanted to record the next morning. Burse was willing; so Son took him home and they rehearsed all night. . . .*

*Burse gave the band an excitement and style that it never had before. His laughter on the shouted vocal duets became one of the band's trademarks. . . . They stayed together for the rest of the band's recording activity, making a tour of Chicago, and recording hundreds of songs for several record companies.*

The Origin of Jazz Library issued a classic collection of Jug Band Songs edited by Sam Charters, *The Great Jug Bands* (OJL 4).

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ ♩}$   
T BR

$\text{♩} = 80$

I tho't I heard that K. C. when she blow, Oh, I

tho't I heard that K. C. when she blow, Oh, I

tho't I heard that K. C. when she blow, Oh, I

tho't I heard that K. C. when she blow,



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tho't I heard that K. C. when she blow, She

tho't I heard that K. C. when she blow, Yes, she

tho't I heard that K. C. when she blow,

blow like my wom-an's on board.

blow like my wom-an's on board.

blow like my wom - an's on board.

I thought I heard that K.C. when she blow (3X)  
Yes, she blow like my woman's on board.  
Oh, when I get back on that K.C. road (3X)  
Gonna love my baby like I never loved before.

# The Lone Star Trail

Ken Maynard was the pioneer of cowboy singing stars. *The Lone Star Trail* was advertised as "the talkie hit from the Universal Picture *The Wagon Master*." It was recorded for Columbia in 1930.

In discussing the singing career of another popular movie cowboy, Gene Autry, Bill C. Malone writes that since 1934:

... he made over one hundred feature movies for Republic and Monogram ... he created the stereotype of the heroic cowboy who was equally adept with a gun and a guitar. ... With Autry ensconced as a singing movie cowboy, hillbilly music now had

a new medium through which to popularize itself. . .

After signing his Hollywood contract, Autry made a radical shift from "country" themes to "western" motifs. . . . The subject matter was different, but the style of presentation and the instrumentation were substantially the same as those of most hillbilly bands of the time.

Other important country singers of the late 1930's who made the Hollywood trip were The Sons of the Pioneers, Bob Wills and The Texas Playboys, and, on occasion, Roy Acuff, Ernest Tubb and Jimmie Davis.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\begin{matrix} \text{T} \\ \text{I} \\ \text{M} \\ \text{R} \end{matrix}$

Collected, arranged and adapted  
by John A. Lomax & Alan Lomax

$\text{♩} = 116$

[A]  $\text{D}$   $\text{A7}$   $\text{D}$

Oh, I am a lone-ly cow-boy and I'm off in the Tex-as trail, —

$\text{G}$   $\text{D}$

My trade is cinch-ing sad-dles and pull-ing bri-dle reins. —

$\text{G}$

For I can twist the las-so with the great-est skill and

$\text{D}$   $\text{A7}$   $\text{D}$

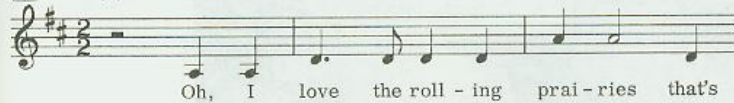
ease, Or rope and ride a bron-co most an-y - where I please. —

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**A** *Melody for Verses 2 to 6*



Oh, I am a lonely cowboy and I'm off in the Texas trail,  
My trade is cinching saddles and pulling bridle reins,  
For I can twist the lasso with the greatest skill and ease,  
Or rope and ride a bronco most anywhere I please.

Oh, I love the rolling prairies that's far from trial and strife,  
Behind a bunch of longhorns I'll journey all my life,  
But if I had a stake boys, soon married I would be,  
For the sweetest girl in this wide world just fell in love with me.

*Chorus:*

Ee-wee, wee, wee-wee-wee-hee, wee.

Oh when we get on the trail boys, the dusty billows rise,  
We're fifty miles from water and the grass is scorching dry,  
Oh the boss is mad and angry you all can plainly see,  
I'll have to find the longhorns, I'm a cowboy here to be.

But when it comes to rain boys, one of the gentle kind,  
When the lakes are full of water and the grass is waving fine,  
Oh the boss will shed his frown boys, and a pleasant smile you'll see,  
Well, I'll have to follow the longhorns, I'm a cowboy here to be.

*Chorus*

Oh, when we get unbedded and we think, down for the night,  
Some horse will shake his saddle and it'll give the herd a fright,  
They'll bound to their feet boys, and madly stampede away,  
In one moment's time boys, you can hear a cowboy say:

*Chorus*

Oh, when we get unbedded, we feel most inclined,  
When a cloud will rise in the west boys, and the fire play on their horns  
Oh the old boss rides around them, your pay you'll get in gold,  
So I'll have to follow the longhorns, until I am too old.

*Chorus*



## Fishing Blues

Henry Thomas, nicknamed "Ragtime Texas," recorded *Fishing Blues* in 1929 for Vocalion. Fourteen of Thomas' other songs were issued by the Origin of Jazz Library on *Henry Thomas Sings The Texas Blues* (OJL 3). *Fishing Blues* is a pure-joy song and

Henry Thomas is a pure-joy singer. Although Bob Dylan and Mike Seeger have borrowed from his repertoire, Henry Thomas seems to be a much neglected source of good-time songs.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   
T BR

$\text{♩} = 112$

G C

Went up - on the hill - 'bout - twelve o' - clock, - Reached right back - and

G

got me a pole, - Went to the hard-ware, got me a hook, -



(D) (G) Chorus:

Put that line right on that hook. Say, you've been a - fish - in'

All the time, — I'm a - go - in' fish - in' too. I

bet your life, your lov - in' wife, I'll catch more fish than you.

An - y fish bit - in' — got your bait, Here's a lit - tle some - thin' I would

like to re - late, — An - y fish bites got you a fish, —

I'm a - go - in' fish - in', Yes, I'm go - in' fish - in', I'm a - go - in' fish - in', too.

Went up on the hill 'bout twelve o'clock,  
Reached right back and got me a pole.  
Went to the hardware, got me a hook,  
Put that line right on that hook.

Chorus:

Say, you've been a-fishin' all the time,  
I'm a-goin' fishin' too.  
I'll bet your life, your lovin' wife,  
I'll catch more fish than you.  
Any fish bitin' got your bait,  
Here's a little somethin' I would like to relate,  
"Any fish bites, got you a fish."  
I'm a goin' fishing, yes I'm goin' fishin',  
I'm a goin' fishin' too.

Looked down the river about one o'clock,  
I got so hungry didn't know what to do,  
I'm gonna get me a catfish too.

Chorus

Put on the skillet, put on the lid  
Mama's gonna cook a little shortning bread.

Chorus

# Black Jack David

Sharp printed nine versions of *Black Jack Davey* under the title *The Gypsy Laddie*. Both Sharp and Child (No. 200) have choruses, of which Hedy West writes in her *Songbook*; *The form had grown out of people dancing while a singer improvised verses. In between his verses the dancers would pause and sing a refrain while he thought of the next verse.*

The Carter Family recorded their version for Okeh (06313), without chorus but with refrain. The New Lost City Ramblers recorded a version similar to the Carter Family's on *Volume IV* (Folkways FA 2399). *Black Jack David* was one of the projected songs for the never-issued Volume IV of the Anthology.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$  and  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   
T BR U T U BR U  
 $\text{♩}$  = 100  
C

Melody

Black Jack Da-vid came rid-in' thru the woods, And he sang so loud and

Harmony

gay - ly \_\_\_\_\_ Made the hills a - round him ring, And he charmed the heart of a

G7

la - dy, And he charmed the heart of a la - dy. \_\_\_\_\_



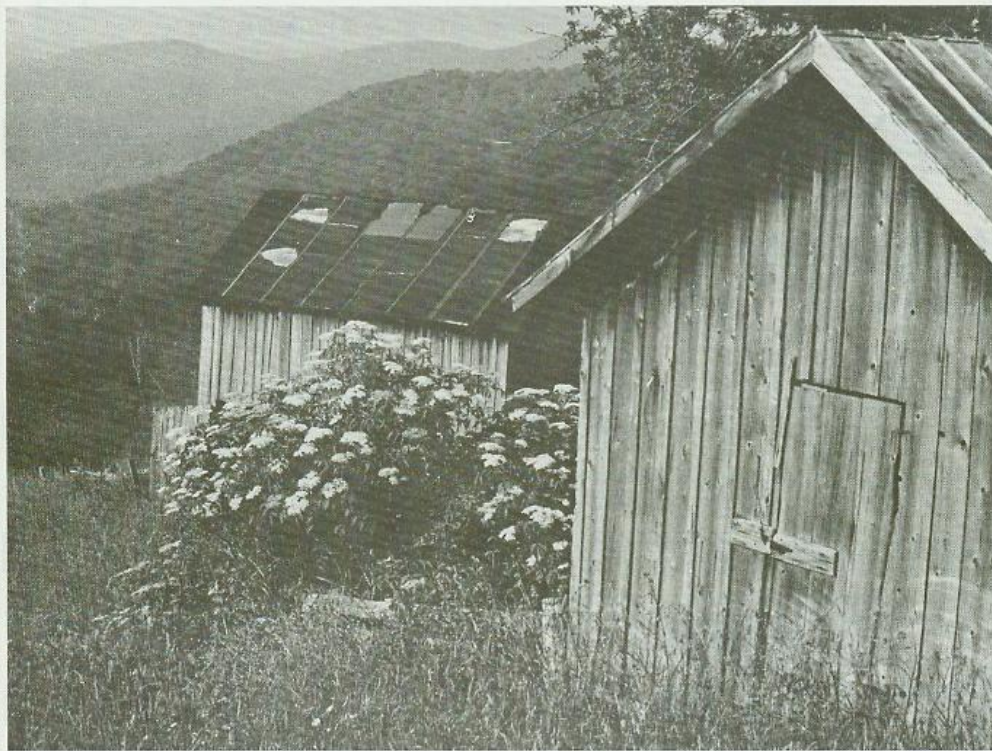
Black Jack David came ridin' through the woods;  
And he sang so loud and gayly.  
Made the hills around him ring;  
And he charmed the heart of a lady,  
And he charmed the heart of a lady.

"How old are you my pretty little miss,  
"How old are you my honey?"  
She answered him with a silly smile;  
"I'll be sixteen next Sunday." (2X)

"Come go with me, my pretty little miss,  
"Come go with me my honey.  
"I'll take you across the deep blue sea  
"Where you never shall want for money." (2X)

She pulled off her high heel shoes;  
They were made of Spanish leather.  
She put on those low heel shoes;  
And they both rode off together. (2X)

"Last night I lay on a warm feather bed  
"Beside my husband and baby.  
"Tonight, I lay on the cold, cold ground  
"By the side of Black Jack David." (2X)



# Down On The Banks Of The Ohio

Bill and Earl Bollick, the Blue Sky Boys, come out of musical retirement every once in a while to play for a city audience. Thanks to the efforts of Archie Green, their music, recorded in the late 1930's is available on Camden, *The Blue Sky Boys* (Cal 797). Of the mandolin-guitar groups of their period, Bill C. Malone writes in *Country Music USA*:

*None was of greater importance, in terms of tradition. . . . In mournful, close harmony they sang tales of death, sorrow and unrequited love, and they approached each with a compassion and tenderness that has seldom been equalled in country music.*

*Down on the Banks of the Ohio* was a very popular ballad in the revival due to Bascom Lunsford's recording and the singing and records of the late Paul Clayton, who was among the first revival singers to collect songs in the Southern mountains. Clayton recorded his version on *Bloody Ballads* (Riverside RLP 12-615). The New Lost City Ramblers' version on *Volume II* (FA 2397) was based on the Monroe Brothers Bluebird recording.

Harry Smith planned to include *Down on the Banks of the Ohio* on the never-issued fourth volume of the Anthology.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \text{ } \text{♩}$   
T BR

$\text{♩} = 88$

Melody:

Come my love \_\_\_\_\_ let's take a walk, Just a

Harmony

lit - - - tle ways a - way. While we walk \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ a - long, we'll talk, Talk a - bout \_\_\_\_\_ our wed - din' \_\_\_\_\_



**D** *Chorus:*

day. On - ly say \_\_\_\_\_ that you'll be \_\_\_\_\_

**A** **D**

mine, And in our home \_\_\_\_\_ we'll hap-py be.

**G**

Down be - side \_\_\_\_\_ where the wa - ters flow,

**D** **A** **D**

Down on the banks \_\_\_\_\_ of the O - hi - o.

Come my love, let's take a walk  
Just a little ways away.  
While we walk along, we'll talk  
Talk about our wedding day.

*Chorus:*  
Only say that you'll be mine,  
And in our home we'll happy be,  
Down beside where the waters flow,  
Down on the banks of the Ohio.

I drew my knife across her throat,  
And to my breast she gently pressed.  
"Oh please, oh please, don't murder me,  
"For I'm unprepared to die you see."

I've taken her by her lily-white hand,  
I led her down and I've made her stand.  
There I plunged her in to drown,  
And watched her as she floated down.

Returning home between twelve and one,  
Thinking of the deed I done.  
I murdered the girl I love you see  
Because she would not marry me.

*Chorus*

That day as I was returning home,  
I met the sheriff; he came in the door.  
He said: "Young man, come with me and go,  
"Down on the banks of the Ohio."

*Chorus*

# Nine Pound Hammer

Between 1936 and 1938, Bill and Charlie Monroe recorded sixty sides for Bluebird as the Monroe Brothers. With Charlie on guitar and Bill playing mandolin and singing tenor, they laid the foundations of bluegrass music.

Their version of *Nine Pound Hammer* was recorded in 1936, and was to be included in the never-

issued fourth volume of the Anthology. It can be heard on the RCA Vintage reissue *Railroad In Folk-song* (LPV 532).

Bill Monroe shared his thoughts about music in an interview with Alice Foster, published in *Sing Out!* (Vol. 19, #2, August, 1969).

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩} = \text{♩} \quad \text{♩}$   
T BR

$\text{♩} = 138$

Melody: A D

Nine - pound ham - mer \_\_\_\_\_ is a lit-tle too heav - y \_\_\_\_\_

Harmony: \_\_\_\_\_

Nine-pound ham-mer \_\_\_\_\_ Lit-tle too

E A

\_\_\_\_\_ For my size \_\_\_\_\_ now for my size. \_\_\_\_\_

heav - y \_\_\_\_\_ For my size now for my size. \_\_\_\_\_

A Chorus:

\_\_\_\_\_ Roll \_\_\_\_\_ on bud - dy \_\_\_\_\_ don't you roll \_\_\_\_\_ so

\_\_\_\_\_ Roll on bud - dy \_\_\_\_\_



slow Ba-by how can I roll

Don't you roll so slow Ba-by how can I

when the wheels won't go.

roll when the wheels won't go.

**A Variant**

Rings like sil-ver and shines like gold

Rings like sil-ver and shines like

Nine-pound hammer, nine-pound hammer,  
Is a little too heavy, little too heavy,  
For my size, for my size,  
Now for my size.

**Chorus:**

Roll on buddy, roll on buddy,  
Don't you roll so slow, don't you roll so slow.  
Baby, how can I roll, baby, how can I roll,  
When the wheels won't go?

Ain't one hammer, ain't one hammer  
In this tunnel, in this tunnel  
That rings like mine, that rings like mine  
That rings like mine.

Rings like silver, rings like silver,  
Shines like gold, shines like gold,  
Rings like silver, rings like silver,  
And shines like gold

Somebody stole, somebody stole,  
My nine-pound hammer, nine-pound hammer.  
They took it and gone, they took it and gone,  
They took it and gone.

**Chorus**

Up on the mountain, up on the mountain,  
For to see my darling, see my darling.  
And I ain't coming back, and I ain't coming  
back,  
No, I ain't coming back.

**Chorus**

Nine-pound hammer, nine-pound hammer,  
That killed John Henry, killed John Henry,  
Ain't a-going to kill me, ain't going to kill me,  
Ain't going to kill me.

**Chorus**

# Hello Stranger

*Hello Stranger*, ranks with *Wildwood Flower*, *Worried Man Blues*, and *Keep on the Sunny Side* as the most popular of the Carter Family songs today. It was recorded for Decca in the late 1930's and was reissued on *A Collection of Favorites of the Carter Family* (Decca DL 4404). Mike Seeger recorded it on his Vanguard record (VRS-9150), the Passaic Country Chambry Players used to sing it with harmony

additions on the second and third lines, and Ola Belle Reed makes it a regular part of her performances at Sunset Park, West Grove, Pennsylvania—a country music park open in the warm months of the year.

*Hello Stranger* was to be included in the never-issued Volume IV of the Anthology.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$  and  $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$   $\text{♩}$  Verses 3, 4, and 5 were done in a straight  $\frac{2}{2}$  meter.  
 $\text{♩}$  = 100  
 T BR U T U BR U

A. P. Carter

C

Hel-lo stran-ger, — Hel-lo

Put your lov-in' hand in mine

F C

stran-ger You are a

Put your lov-in' hand in mine

G7 C

strang-ger

And you're a pal of mine.

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Hello stranger, put your lovin' hand in mine. (2X)  
You are a stranger; and you're a pal of mine.  
Get up rounder, let a workin' man lay down, (2X)  
You are a rounder, but you're all out and down.  
Everytime I ride six and four street cars, (2X)  
I can see my baby peepin' through the bars.  
She bowed her head, she waved both hands at me, (2X)  
I'm prison bound, I'm longin' to be free.  
Oh I'll see you when your troubles are like mine, (2X)  
Oh I'll see you when you haven't got a dime.  
Weepin' like a willow, mournin' like a dove, (2X)  
There's a girl up the country that I really love.  
Hello stranger, put your lovin' hand in mine. (2X)  
You are a stranger and you're a pal of mine.



Maybelle Carter

# No Depression In Heaven

*No Depression in Heaven* was recorded by the Carter Family in the late 1930's for Decca and by Charlie Monroe in the early 1940's. The New Lost City Ramblers led off their album *Songs From The Depression* with this striking statement of the terrible hardships of those years. *Hard Hitting Songs For Hard Hit People* (New York: Oak, 1967) is a monumental collection of similar songs collected

from tradition and recordings of traditional songs compiled by Alan Lomax, music edited by Pete Seeger, and with introductory notes by Woody Guthrie.

Harry Smith planned to include *No Depression in Heaven* on the never-issued fourth volume of the *Anthology*.

Guitar figure per  $\text{♩}$  =  $\text{T}$  BR U and  $\text{T}$  U BR U  
 $\text{♩} = 88$   
 C

A. P. Carter



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For fear the hearts of men are failing,  
 For these are latter days we know.  
 The Great Depression now is spreading,  
 God's word declared it would be so.

Chorus:  
 I'm going where there's no Depression  
 To the lovely land that's free from care.  
 I'll leave this world of toil and trouble,  
 My home's in heaven, I'm going there.

In that bright land, there'll be no hunger,  
 No orphan children crying for bread,  
 No weeping widows, toil, or struggle,  
 No shrouds, no coffins, and no death.

Chorus  
 This dark hour of midnight nearing,  
 And tribulation time will come.  
 The storms will hurl in midnight fear  
 And sweep lost millions to their doom.

Chorus



Chorus:

I'm go - ing where \_\_\_\_\_ there's no De - pres - sion,

To the love - ly land \_\_\_\_\_ that's free from care,

I'll leave this world \_\_\_\_\_ of toil and trou - ble,

continued on next page

## No Depression In Heaven

My home's in heav - en, I'm go - in' there.

My home's in heav - en, I'm go - in' there.

My home's in heav - en, I'm go - in' there.

